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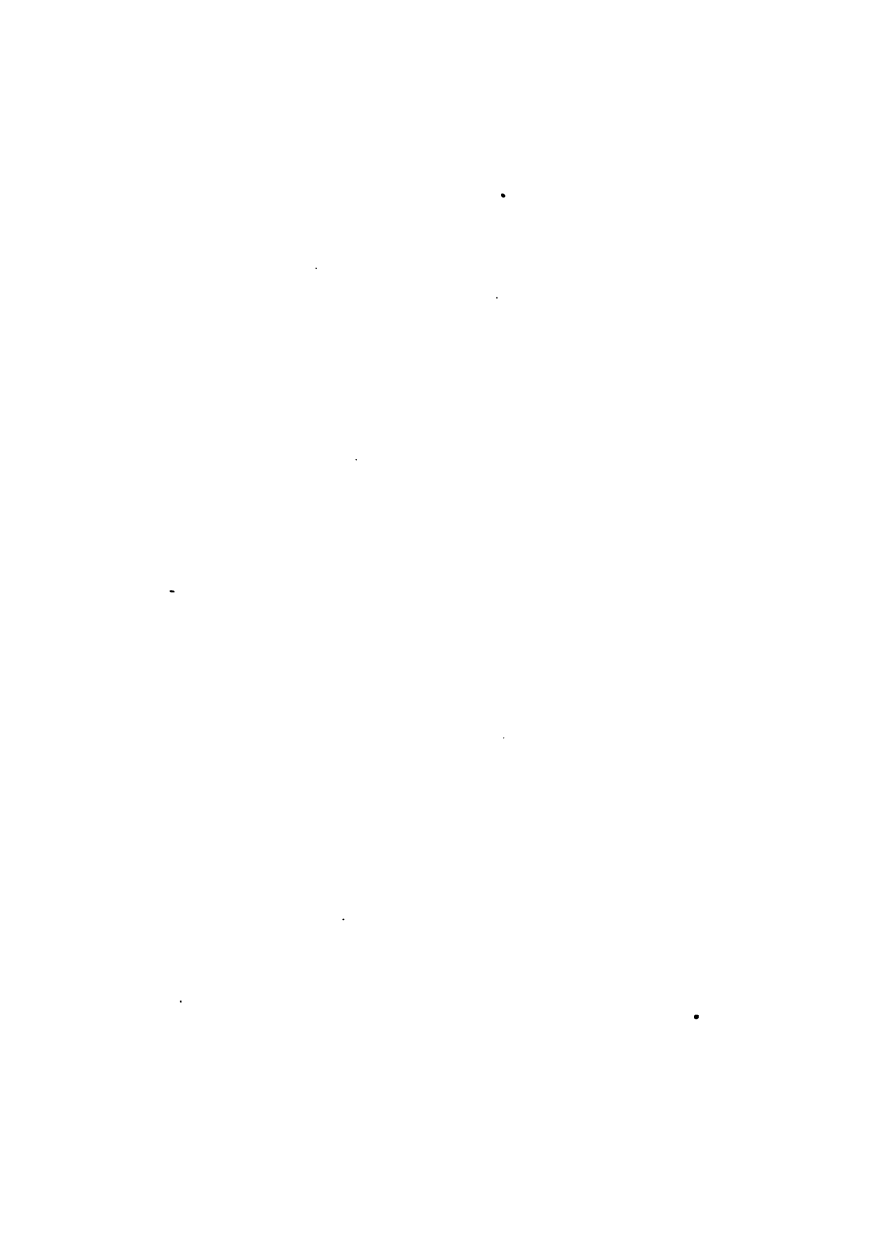


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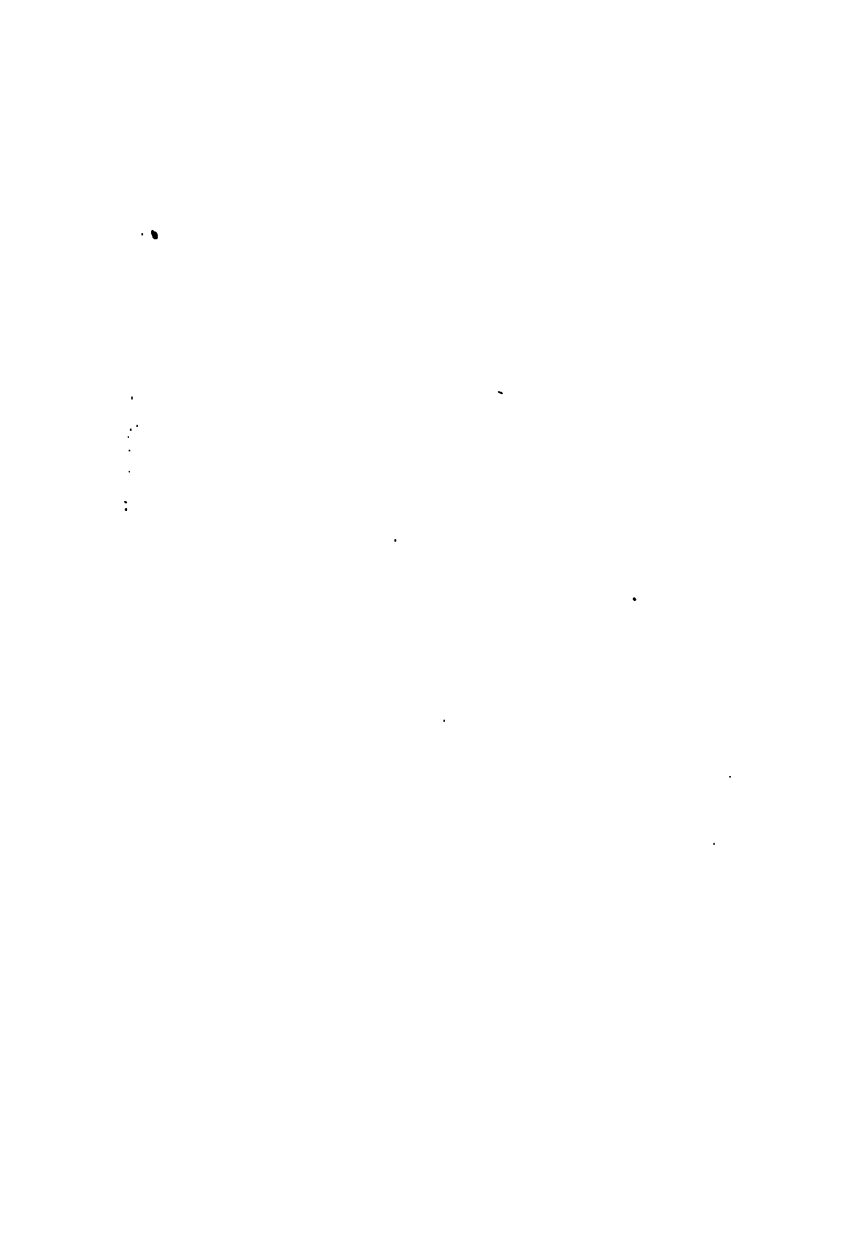
THE
SUNDAY BOOK OF POETRY.



UNIVERSITY PRESS : WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.







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THE
SUNDAY BOOK OF POETRY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

C. F. ALEXANDER

AUTHOR OF "HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN," ETC.



CAMBRIDGE
SEVER AND FRANCIS
1865

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P R E F A C E

THE present volume will, it is hoped, be found to contain a selection of Sacred Poetry, of such a character as can be placed with profit and pleasure in the hands of intelligent children from eight to fourteen years of age, both on Sundays and at other times.

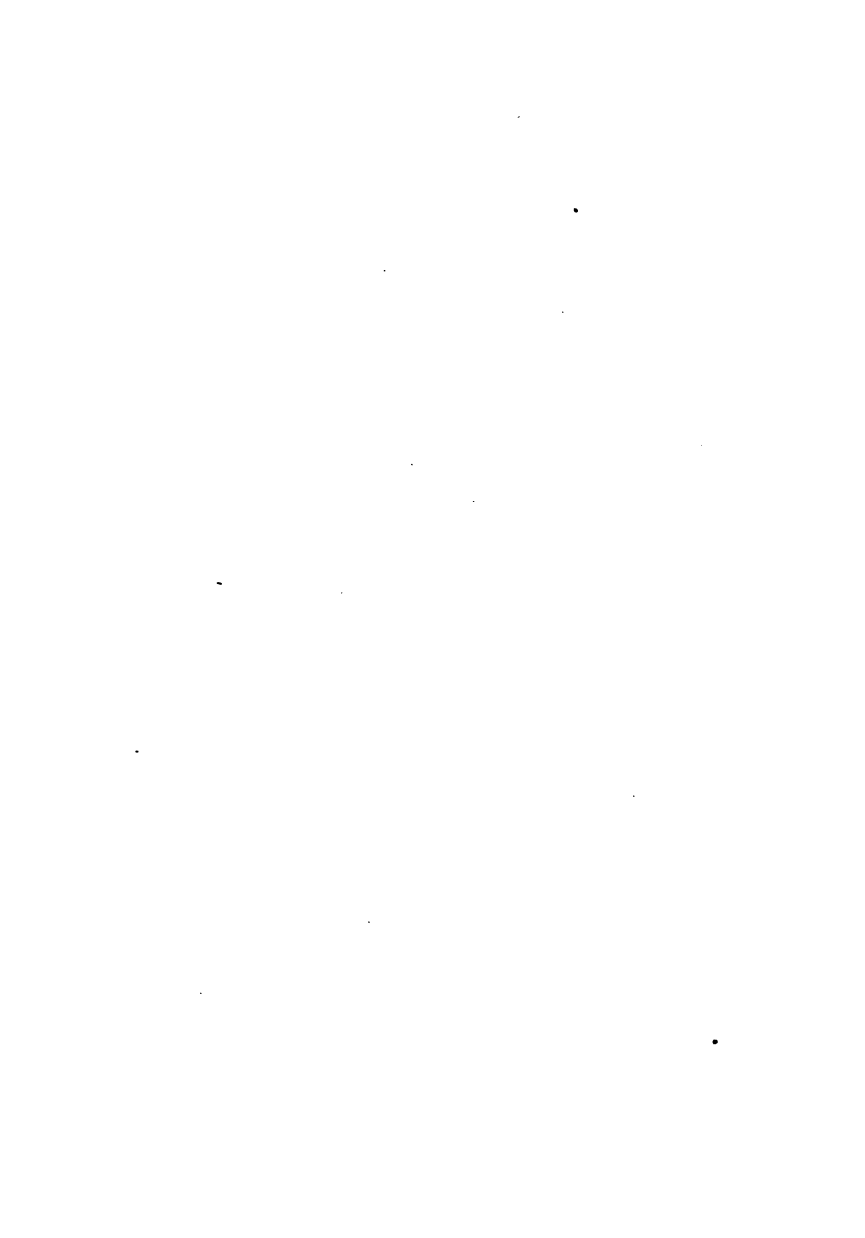
It may be well for the Compiler to make some remarks upon the principles which have been adopted in the present selection.

Dr. Johnson has said that "the word Sacred should never be applied but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted, or implied." The Compiler believes she has selected few poems whose insertion may not be justified by this definition, though several perhaps may not be of such a nature as are popularly termed *sacred*. Those which appear under the division of the Incarnate Word, and of Praise, and Prayer, are of course

in some cases directly hymns, and in all cases founded upon the great doctrines of the Christian faith, or upon the events of the Redeemer's life. Many of the poems under the head of the Written Word, and indeed in all the divisions, are of an equally decided religious character. But in illustrating some passages of Holy Scripture, in delineating the various phases and duties of life, in tracing out the hopes and fears which encompass death, in picturing the feelings and passions of the human heart, she has freely availed herself of pieces whose tendency is moral and elevating, though the language may not be directly religious.

The Compiler has selected freely from our English Poets, ancient and modern, and she believes that there is scarcely one of high note who is not represented in the present collection. She hopes that it may be thus, in some sort, a kind of informal introduction to the highest works of English literature. It might be thought that pieces from writers so diverse as Milton and Keble, Toplady and Crashaw, Heber and Bonar, must necessarily contain heterogeneous doctrine; but it will be found that these poems, from so many writers of different schools, contain nothing which is not in accordance with those great truths of the Gospel of Christ, "which are most

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Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters Heaven with prayer.

The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone,
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God !
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery



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v

THE GOODNESS OF PROVIDENCE

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens, and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. Addison

VI

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

HEAR me, O God !
A broken heart
Is my best part :
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin 's so sweet,
As minds ill-bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Ben Jonson



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VIII

THE EMIGRANT'S SACRED SONG

WHERE the remote Bermudas
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received their song.

“What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own.

“Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and tyrant's rage.

“He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

“He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.

“O, let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.”

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. Marvell

IX

THE LOVE OF GOD

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,
That taught us this sweet way
Only to love Thee for Thyself,
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief hope !
We to thy mercy fly ;
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,
To Thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live, or die,
Both we submit to Thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If Thine in death we be.

J. Austin

X

GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER

O THOU that driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes, or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too !

O, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
One peace-branch from above ?

Then sorrow touched by Thee grows bright
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We could not see by day.

T. Moore

XI

A PRAYER

Imitated from the Persian

L ORD! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.

Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy treasury,
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

R. Southey

XII

THY WILL BE DONE

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes:
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro ;
Seeking for some great thing to do,
A secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
From the Lord on whom I wait.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful, not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A. L. Waring

XIII

THE FORCE OF PRAYER

“WHAT is good for a bootless bene ?”
With these dark words begins my tale ;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail ?

“What is good for a bootless bene ?”
The falconer to the lady said :
And she made answer, “Endless sorrow !”
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew it by the falconer’s words,
And from the look of the falconer’s eye ;
And from the love that was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

Young Romilly through Barden Woods
Is ranging high and low ;
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding-place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore :
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,
And what may now forbid,
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across the Strid ?

He sprang in glee, — for what cared he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep ?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force ;
For never more was young Romilly seen
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow :
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts
A name more sad than Yarrow.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, " Let there be,
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory."

The stately Priory was reared,
And Wharf, as he rolled along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief !
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

O there is never sorrow of heart,
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend.

W. Wordsworth

XIV

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee almighty to create,
Almighty to renew !

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inured to pain,
To hardships, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
That sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,

For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less ;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on Thee to call
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening, or reward,
To Thee, and Thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word ;
Thy promise is for me ;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from Thy hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love !

Charles Wesley



XV

THOUGHTS OF CHRIST

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Fontaine
Translated by E. Caswall

XVI

HYMN

*For the Boatmen as they approach the Rapids by
Heidelberg*

JESU! bless our slender boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings, — let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed Thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar.

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forget Thee, do not Thou
Disregard thy suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient tower
Watching o'er the river's bed,
Fling the shadow of Thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!

Guide our bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,
Let Thy love its anger soothe:
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

W. Wordsworth

XVII

EVENING HYMN

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O ! may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

John Keble

XVIII

THE SOUL'S LITANY

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me ;
Lest, by base denial,
I depart from Thee :
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor, for fear or favor,
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures,
Would this vain world charm ;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread, to work me harm ;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice ;
Then upon Thine altar,
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,

While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through the mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

Anon.

XIX

CLINGING TO GOD

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethels I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

S. F. Adams



xx

A CRY

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare :
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen,
More desolate Thy way ;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us !

The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night ;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light.
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's Cross that day ;
O Lamb of God, that takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us !

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and sad to bear ;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair :
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And Thou wilt bid it cease ;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Give us Thy peace !

A. A. Procter

XXI

GRATITUDE TO GOD

HOW blest Thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of Thy word,
The day-spring from on high.

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
With healing on His wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurked before.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to Thy word,
He started from the goal,

Has cheered the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart ;
But, Jesus, 't is Thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

W. Cowper



XXII

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

PRAISE be Thine, most Holy Spirit,
Honor to Thy Holy Name !
May we love it, may we fear it !
Set in everlasting fame.
Honor to Thee, praise, and glory,
Comforter, inspirer, friend ;
Till these troubles transitory
End in glory without end.

By Thy hand, in secret working,
Like a midnight of soft rain,
Seeds that lay in silence lurking,
Spring up green, and grow amain.
Roots, which in their dusty bosoms
Hid an age of golden days
Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
Clothe their barrenness for Thy praise.

As an island in a river
Vexed with endless rave and roar,
Keeps an inner silence ever
On its consecrated shore,
Flowered with flowers, and green with grasses :
So the poor through Thee abide ;
Every outer care that passes
Deepening more the peace inside.

When our heart is faint Thou warmest,
Justifiest our delight ;

Thou our ignorance informest,
 And our wisdom shapest right ;
 In the hour of doubt and strife,
 Thou beginnest, and Thou endest,
 All that Christians count of life.

Thos. Burridge

XXIII

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

I N the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts disquieted,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh, and weep,
 And the world is drowned in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I 'm tossed about
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
 With the sins of all my youth,

And reproves me for untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

R. Herrick

XXIV

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace ;
Keep far our foes ; give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One :
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
“ Praise to Thy eternal merit,
“ Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !”

Ordination Service

XXV

THE HOLY TRINITY

HOLY ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
 sea ;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
 Perfect in Power, in Love, and Purity !

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and
 sky, and sea ;
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Merciful and Mighty,
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

Bishop Reginald Heber



XXVI

SACRED MUSIC

TO our high-raised fantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure consent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne,
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow ;
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout, and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly :
That we on earth with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason whilst they stood,
In first obedience and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God erelong
To His celestial concert us unite
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

John Milton



XXVII

CHURCH MUSIC

BUT let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light ;
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced choir below
 In service high, and anthem clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

John Milton

XXVIII

EARTH AND HEAVEN

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 O for the pearly gates of heaven !
 O for the golden floor !
 O for the Sun of Righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint !

How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins !
O for a soul washed white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher :
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O, by Thy love and anguish, Lord !
O, by Thy life laid down !
O, that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown !

C. F. Alexander

XXIX

EVENING HYMN

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on Thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close :
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
May no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

Bishop Thomas Ken



II

THE INCARNATE WORD

xxx

THE INCARNATION OF CHRIST

FOR Thou wert born of woman ! Thou didst come,
O Holiest, to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strewed
Was Thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burned before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The Heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stooped their lamps th' enthronèd fires on high :
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky,
The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hushed to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;

Nor at Thy presence broke the voice of song
 From all the cherub choirs
 And seraph's burning lyres
 Poured through the host of Heaven the charmed
 clouds along.
 One angel troop the strain began,
 Of all the race of man
 By simple shepherds heard alone,
 That soft Hosanna tone.

H. H. Milman

XXXI

GOD INCARNATE

THE Holy Son of God most high,
 For love of Adam's lapsed race,
 Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky,
 To bring us to that happy place.

His robes of light he laid aside,
 Which did His Majesty adorn,
 And the frail state of mortal tried,
 In human flesh and figure born.

The Son of God thus man became,
 That men the son of God might be,
 And by their second birth regain
 A likeness to His deity.

Henry Moore

XXXII

*A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY
SAVIOUR*

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light ;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger ;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature :
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory !
To see this babe all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence :
Can man forget this story ?

Ben Jonson

XXXIII

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn ! rise, holy morn !
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
O Father ! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when hope was born.

A. Tennyson



XXXIV

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY

GLOOMY night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay ;
The Babe looked up and showed His face, —
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, sweet, and did rise
Not from the east, but from Thy eyes,

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright dawn of our eternal day ;
We saw Thine eyes break from the east
And chase the trembling shades away :
We saw Thee (and we blessed the sight),
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

Welcome to our wondering sight,
Eternity shut in a span !
Summer in winter ! day in night !
Heaven in earth ! and God in man !
Great Little One, whose glorious birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

R. Crashaw



XXXV

*LINES**Suggested by a Picture of the Adoration of the
Magians*

LITTLE pomp or earthly state
On the Saviour's way might wait ;
Few the homages, and small,
That the guilty earth at all
Was permitted to accord
To her King and hidden Lord.
Therefore do we set more store
On those few, and prize them more :
Dear to us for this account
Is the glory of the Mount,
When bright beams of light did spring
Through the sackcloth covering,
Rays of glory found their way
Through the garment of decay,
With which, as with a cloak, He had
His divinest splendor clad ;
Dear the precious ointment shed
On His feet, and on His head ;
And the high-raised hope sublime,
And the triumph of the time
When through Zion's streets the way
Of her peaceful Conqueror lay,
Who, fulfilling ancient fame,
Meek, and with salvation came.
But of all this scanty state
That upon His steps might wait,

Dearest are those Magian Kings
With their far-brought offerings.
From what region of the morn
Are ye come thus travel-worn,
With those boxes pearl-embost,
Caskets rare, and gifts of cost ?
While your swarth attendants wait
At the stable's outer gate,
And the camels lift their head
High above the lowly shed ;
Or are seen a long-drawn train
Winding down into the plain,
From below the light blue line
Of the hills in distance fine.

Dear for your own sake, whence are ye ?
Dearer for the mystery
That is round you, — on what skies
Gazing, saw you first arise
Through the darkness that clear star
Which has marshalled you so far,
Even unto this strawy tent,
Dancing up the Orient ?
Shall we name you kings indeed,
Or is this our idle creed ?
Kings of Seba, with the gold
And the incense long foretold ?
Would the Gentile world by you
First-fruits pay of tribute due,
Or have Israel's scattered race,
From their unknown hiding-place,
Sent to claim their part and right
In the Child new-born to-night ?

But although we may not guess
Of your lineage, not the less
We the selfsame gifts would bring
For a spiritual offering.
May the frankincense in air
As it climbs instruct our prayer,
That it ever upward tend,
Ever struggle to ascend,
Leaving earth, yet ere it go
Fragrance rich diffuse below.
As the myrrh is bitter sweet,
So in us may such things meet,
As unto the mortal taste
Bitter seeming, yet at last
Shall to them who try be known
To have sweetness of their own, —
Tears for sin, which sweeter far
Than the world's mad laughters are ;
Desires, that in their dying give
Pain, but die that we may live.
And the gold from Araby, —
Fitter symbol who could see
Of the love which, thrice refined,
Love to God and to our kind,
Duly tendered, He will call
Best pleasing sacrifice of all ?

Thus so soon as far apart
From the proud world, in our heart
As in stable dark, defiled,
There is born th' Eternal Child,
May to Him the spirit's kings
Bear their choicest offerings ;

May the affections, reason, will,
Wait upon Him to fulfil
His behests, and early pay
Homage to His natal day.

Archbishop Trench

XXXVI

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose :
Lo such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is lifted up to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away ;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike Divine :

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own.

Bishop Heber

XXXVII

GLORIES OF THE MESSIAH

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise,
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gate attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabean springs !
 For thee, Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope

XXXVIII

CHRIST BETRAYED

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago —
Was that deed of darkness done —
Was that sacred thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may nevermore
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-spirit ever lives —
Ever in thy heart He strives.
When pale misery mutely calls,
When thy brother tempted falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and anger, and disdain,
Or Thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart :
When within Thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou mayst be,
The Christ-spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the holy land
With His small disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom —

When the man, the human love,
And the God within Him strove —
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept :
While for them He wept and prayed,
One denied, and one betrayed !

If to-day thou turn'st aside,
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep, —
Thou art one of those who sleep :
Or, if waking, thou dost see
Nothing of divinity
In our fallen struggling race, —
If in them thou see'st no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a future to be won,
Of a future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny :
But, if seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet, if thou art bound to sin,
False to the ideal within,
Slave of ease, or slave of gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

A. C. Lynch



XXXIX

THE DEATH OF CHRIST

L ORD Jesu, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy Holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
O, may we count the world as loss !

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord ! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below :

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy Death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !

William Walsham Howe



XL

GOOD FRIDAY

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dewed brow
 Son of Man ! 't is Thou, 't is Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
 Dread and awful, who is He ?
 By the sun at noonday pale,
 Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
 By earth that trembles at His doom,
 By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
 By Eden promised, ere He died,
 To the felon at His side ;
 Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
 Son of God ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
 Sad, and dying, who is He ?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost given up in agony,
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead,

By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew, —
“ Lord ! they know not what they do ! ”
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

Henry Hart Milman

XLI

“ THEY CRUCIFIED HIM ”

O COME and mourn with me a while ;
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O come, together let us mourn :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed ;
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;

His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Come, let us stand beneath the cross ;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop ;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
Lord Jesus, may we love, and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Frederic W. Faber



XLII

LITANY TO THE SAVIOUR

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Henry Hart Milman

XLIII

LITANY TO OUR LORD

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee ;
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O, by all Thy pain and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a favoring eye ;
Hear our solemn Litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,

By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

Sir R. Grant

XLIV

TO THE SAVIOUR

STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear
Towards us turn Thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leant on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with Thy sign,
 Take our hands in Thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from Heaven,
 From Thy glory-throne
 Hear Thy very own !
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home !

F. T. Palgrave

XLV

THE CROSS

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts

XLVI

ROCK OF AGES

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heartstrings break in death,

When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne ;
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. Toplady

XLVII

HYMN FOR EASTER EVE

ALL is o'er ;— the pain, — the sorrow, —
 Human taunts, and fiendish spite,
 Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
 Of the prey he grasps to-night ;
 Yet, once more to seal His doom,
 Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
 While in brief repose He lies ;
 Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
 Veiled a while from mortal eyes :—
 Slumber, such as needs must be
 After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish
 Which on yonder cross He bore ;
 How did soul and body languish,
 Till the toil of death was o'er !
 But that toil, so fierce and dread,
 Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

Whither hath His soul departed ?—
 Roams it on some blissful shore,

Where the meek and faithful-hearted,
Vext by this world's hate no more,
Wait until the trump of doom
Call their bodies from the tomb?

Or, on some benignant mission,
To the imprisoned spirit sent,
Hath He to their dark condition
Gleams of hope and mercy lent?
Souls not wholly lost of old
When o'er earth the deluge rolled!

Ask no more; — the abyss is deeper
E'en than angels' thoughts may scan;
Come and watch the Heavenly Sleeper;
Come, and do what mortals can,
Reverence meet toward Him to prove,
Faith, and trust, and humble love.

Far away, amidst the regions
Of the bright and balmy east,
Guarded by angelic legions,
Till death's slumber shall have ceased,
(How should we its stillness stir?)
Lies the Saviour's sepulchre.

Far away; — yet thought would wander
(Thought by faith's sure guidance led)
Farther yet to weep, and ponder
Over that sepulchral bed.
Thither let us haste, and flee
On the wings of phantasy.

Haste, from every clime and nation,
Fervent youth, and reverent age;

Peasant, prince, — each rank and station, —
Haste, and join this pilgrimage.
East and west, and south and north,
Send your saintliest spirits forth.

Mothers, ere the curtain closes
Round your children's sleep to-night,
Tell them how their Lord reposes,
Waiting for to-morrow's light ;
Teach their dreams to Him to rove,
Him who loved them, Him they love.

Matron grave and blooming maiden,
Hoary sage and beardless boy,
Hearts with grief and care o'erladen,
Hearts brimful of hope and joy,
Come, and greet in death's dark hall,
Him who felt with, felt for all.

Men of God, devoutly toiling
This world's fetters to unbind ;
Satan of his prey despoiling
In the hearts of human kind ;
Let, to-night, your labors cease,
Give your care-worn spirits peace.

Ye who roam our seas and mountains,
Messengers of love and light ;
Ye who guard truth's sacred fountains,
Weary day and wakeful night ;
Men of labor, men of lore,
Give your toils and studies o'er.

Dwellers in the woods and valleys,
Ye of meek and lowly breast ;

Ye who, pent in crowded alleys,
Labor early, late take rest ;
Leave the plough, and leave the loom ;
Meet us at our Saviour's tomb.

From your halls of stately beauty,
Sculptured roof, and marble floor,
In this work of Christain duty
Haste, ye rich, and join the poor.
Mean and noble, bond and free
Meet in frank equality.

Lo, His grave ! the grey rock closes
O'er that virgin burial-ground ;
Near it breathe the garden roses,
Trees funereal droop around,
In whose boughs the small birds rest,
And the stock-dove builds her nest.

And the morn with floods of splendor
Fills the spicy midnight air ;
Tranquil sounds, and voices tender,
Speak of life and gladness there ;
Ne'er was living thing, I wot,
Which our Lord regarded not.

Bird, and beast, and insect rover, —
E'en the lilies of the field,
Till His gentle life was over,
Heavenly thought to Him could yield.
All that is, to Him did prove,
Food for wisdom, food for love.

But the hearts that bowed before Him
Most of all to Him were dear ;

Let such hearts to-night watch o'er Him
 Till the day-spring shall appear :—
 Then a brighter sun shall rise
 Than e'er kindled up the skies.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,
 Chant His requiem soft and low ;
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harps shall flow.
 "Death and hell at length are slain,
 Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."
J. Moultrie

XLVIII

THE RESURRECTION

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way ;
 I got me boughs off many a tree :
 But Thou wast up by break of day
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and the East perfume ;
 If they should offer to contest
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine endeavor ?
 We count three hundred, but we miss :
 There is but One, and that One ever.

George Herbert

XLIX

THE ASCENSION

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone, — and we return,
And our hearts within us burn ;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, His coming feet ;
Never shall we thank Him more
On Gennesareth's glist'ning shore,
Never in that look, or voice,
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone, — and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left ;
On this earth, of Him bereft ;
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend or foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone, — but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,

In the Heaven of Heavens the same
 As on earth He went and came ;
 In the many mansions there,
 Peace for us He will prepare,
 In that world, unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone, — but not in vain ;
 Wait, until He comes again ;
 He is risen, He is not here,
 Far above this earthly sphere ;
 Evermore in heart, and mind,
 There our peace in Him we find,
 To our own Eternal Friend,
 Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. Stanley

L

CHRIST'S ASCENSION

GOD is ascended up on high,
 With merry noise of trumpet-sound,
 And princely seated in the sky,
 Rules over all the world around.

Sing praises then, sing praises loud
 Unto our universal King :
 He who ascended on a cloud,
 To Him all laud and praises sing.

In human flesh and shape He went,
 Adornèd with His passion's scars ;

Which in Heaven's sight He did present
More glorious than the glittering stars.

O happy pledge of pardon sure,
And of an endless blissful state,
Since human nature once made pure,
For Heaven becomes so fit a mate !

Lord, raise our sinking minds therefore,
Up to our proper country dear ;
And purify us evermore,
To fit us for those regions clear.

That when He shall return again
In clouds of glory, as He went,
Our souls no foulness may retain,
But be found pure and innocent.

And so may mount to His bright hosts
On eagle wings up to the sky,
And be conducted to the courts
Of everlasting bliss and joy.

Henry Moore



LI

CHRIST OUR GOD

HE, who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on the eternal Throne,
The God of Glory reigns.

His hands the wheels of Nature guide
With an unerring skill,
And countless worlds, extended wide,
Obey His sovereign will.

While harps unnumbered sound His praise
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways
And glory in His love.

His righteousness, to faith revealed,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
From enemies and storms.

This land through which His pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from Him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.

How glorious He ! how happy they
In such a glorious Friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

J. Newton

LII

THE MEDIATOR

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Saviour of mankind appears.

He who for man in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling for our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;

He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

J. Logan



III

THE WRITTEN WORD

LIII

THE BIBLE

DIM as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers —
Is reason to the soul : and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here : so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

John Dryden

LIV

THE GOSPELS

AND so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought.

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

A. Tennyson

LV

THE SECOND DAY OF CREATION

THIS world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem,
Where visions rise,
Giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord !
Creating Word !
Whose glory the silent skies record
Where stands Thy name
In scrolls of flame
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame.

I gaze o'erhead,
Where Thy hand hath spread
For the waters of Heaven that crystal bed,
And stored the dew
In its deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine,
Beams forth the light
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof
On the tissue roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof,

Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things, —

A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bare everlasting firmament ;
Where the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see
As in truth they be,
The glories of Heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole
Like a parchèd scroll
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,
And without a screen
At one burst be seen
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

O ! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?
What eye may gaze
On the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days ?
Christ us aid !
Himself be our shade,
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

T. Whytehead

LVI

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION

THOU spakest, and the waters rolled
Back from the earth away,
They fled, by Thy strong voice controlled,
Till Thou didst bid them stay :
Then did that rushing, mighty ocean,
Like a tame creature cease its motion,
Nor dared to pass where'er Thy hand
Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep
The land lay tranquil now
Like a new-christened child asleep
With the dew upon its brow :
As when in after time the earth
Rose from her second watery birth,
In pure baptismal garments drest,
And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of power,
And straight the land was seen
All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,
A robe of lustrous green :
Like souls, wherein the hidden strength
Of their new birth is waked at length,
When, robed in holiness, they tell
What might did in those waters dwell.

Lord, o'er the waters of my soul
The word of peace be said ;

Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll
Each in its channelled bed ;
Till that in peaceful order flowing,
They time their glad obedient going
To Thy commands, whose voice to-day
Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For, restless as the moaning sea,
The wild and wayward will
From side to side is wearily
Changing and tossing still ;
But swayed by Thee, 't is like the river
That down its green banks flows for ever,
And calm and constant tells to all
The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of might,
Awake the life within,
And bid a spring-tide, calm and bright,
Of holiness begin :
So let it lie with Heaven's grace
Full shining on its quiet face,
Like the young earth in peace profound,
Amid the assuaged waters round.

T. Whytthead



LVII

THE SEVENTH DAY OF CREATION

SABBATH of the saints of old,
Day of mysteries manifold ;
By the great Creator blest,
Type of His eternal rest :
I with thoughts of thee would seek
To sanctify the closing week

Resting from His work, the Lord
Spake to-day the hallowing word ;
And, His wondrous labors done,
Now the everlasting Son
Gave to heaven and earth the sign
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay,
His sacred form from head to feet
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

All the seventh day long I ween
Mournful watched the Magdalene,
Rising early, resting late,
By the sepulchre to wait,
In the holy garden glade
Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee till life shall end
I would solemn vigil spend ;
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may'st ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices I will bring,
My poor affection's offering,
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around,
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

Then, the new creation done,
Shall be Thy endless rest begun ;
Jesu, keep me safe from sin,
That I with them may enter in,
And danger past, and toil at end,
To Thy resting-place ascend.

T. Whytehead



LVIII

SLEEPING ON THE WATERS

WHILE snows, even from the mild south-west,
Come blinding o'er all day,
What kindlier home, what safer nest
For flower or fragrant spray,
Than underneath some cottage roof,
Where fires are bright within,
And fretting cares scowl far aloof,
And doors are closed on sin ?

The scarlet tufts so cheerily
Look out upon the snow,
But gayer smiles the maiden eye
Whose garden care they know.
The buds that in that nook are born,
Through the dark howling day
Old Winter's spite they laugh to scorn : —
Who is so safe as they ?

Nay, look again, beside the hearth
The lowly cradle mark,
Where, weary with his ten hours' mirth,
Sleeps in his own warm ark
A bright-haired babe, with arm upraised
As though the slumberous dew
Stole o'er him, while in faith he gazed
Upon his guardian true.

Storms may rush in, and crimes and woes
Deform the quiet bower ;

They may not mar the deep repose
Of that immortal flower.
Though only broken hearts be found
To watch his cradle by,
No blight is on his slumbers sound,
No touch of harmful eye.

So gently slumbered on the wave
The new-born seer of old,
Ordained the chosen tribes to save ;
Nor deemed how darkly rolled
The waters by his rushy bark,
Perchance e'en now defiled
With infant's blood for Israel's sake,
Blood of some priestly child.

What reck's he of his mother's tears,
His sister's boding sigh ?
The whispering reeds are all he hears,
And Nile, soft weltering nigh,
Sings him to sleep, but he will wake,
And o'er the haughty flood
Wave his stern rod ; and lo ! a lake,
A restless sea of blood !

Soon shall a mightier flood thy call
And outstretched rod obey ;
To right and left the watery wall
From Israel shrinks away.
Such honor wins the faith that gave
Thee, and thy sweetest boon
Of infant charms to the rude wave,
In the third joyous moon.

Hail, chosen type and image true
Of Jesus on the sea !
In slumber and in glory too
Shadowed of old by Thee, —
Save that in calmness thou didst sleep
The summer stream beside ;
He on a wider, wilder deep,
Where boding night-winds sighed.

Sighed when at eve He laid Him down,
But with a sound like flame
At midnight from the mountain's crown
Upon His slumbers came.
Lo, how they watch, till He awake,
Around His rude low bed ;
How wistful count the waves that break
So near His sacred head.

O, faithless ! know ye not of old
How in the western bay,
When dark and vast the billows rolled,
A prophet slumbering lay ?
The surges smote the keel as fast
As thunderbolts from heaven,
Himself into the wave he cast,
And hope and life were given.

Behold a mightier far is here ;
Nor will He spare to leap,
For the soul's sake He loves so dear,
Into a wilder deep.
E'en now He dreams of Calvary ;
Soon will He wake, and say
The words of peace and might : Do ye
His hour in calmness stay.

J. Keble

LIX

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

HE stopped at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent
T' inflict the tardy punishment.

“ Ah ! yet,” said he, “ yet, stubborn king, repent,
Whilst thus unarmed I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand ;
Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live :
Who would, alas ! believe
That it for man,” said he,
“ So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive !”

Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he marched the sacred firstborn strook
Of every womb : none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Pharaoh's purple heir.

Whilst health and strength and gladness doth possess
The festal Hebrew cottages ;
The blest destroyer comes not there
To interrupt the sacred cheer :
Upon their doors he read, and understood
God's protection writ in blood ;
Well was he skilled i' the character divine ;
And though he passed by it in haste,
He bowed and worshipped, as he passed,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

A. Cowley

LX

*HOPES IN THE WILDERNESS**(From the song of the Manna Gatherers)*

WE beside the wondrous river
In the appointed hour shall stand,
Following, as from Egypt ever,
Thy bright cloud and outstretched hand :
In Thy shadow,
We shall rest on Abraham's land.

Not by manna showers at morning
Shall our board be then supplied,
But a strange pale gold adorning
Many a tufted mountain side,
Yearly feed us,
Year by year our murmurings chide.

There, no prophet's touch awaiting,
From each cool deep cavern start
Rills, that since their first creating
Ne'er have ceased to play their part.
Oft we hear them
In our dreams with thirsty heart.

Deeps of blessing are before us :
Only while the desert sky
And the sheltering cloud hang o'er us
Morn by morn obediently,
Glean we manna,
And the song of Moses try.

J. Kibbe

LXI

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves ;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,

Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight ;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-Peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

C. F. Alexander



LXII

THE CALL OF DAVID

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy angels circling round thee
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near,
In thy lion fight severe.

Go ! and 'mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile ;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road, —
Rocky road, and scarce ascended
Though thy foot be angel-tended !
Double praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle-plain :
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness,
Wounds from friend, and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood.

Strange that guileless face or form,
To lavish on the scarring storm !
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness ;

Little chary of thy fame, —
Dust unborn may bless or blame, —
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother in the skies.

J. H. Newman

LXIII

*“Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one
of these.”*

WHEN the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain ;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty ;
Though she looked up to roofs of gold,
And naught around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonish tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye ;
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her eye ;
Though she herself, and her gay host were drest
With all the shining glories of the East ;
When lavish art her costly work had done,
The honor and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won ;
And every rose and lily there did stand
Better attired by nature's hand.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
 Where do we finer strokes and colors see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,
 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?
 But we despise these His inferior ways,
 Though no less full of miracle and praise:
 Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise.

A. Cowley

LXIV

NAAMAN'S SERVANT

“WHO for the like of me will care?”
 So whispers many a mournful heart,
 When in the weary languid air,
 For grief or scorn we pine apart.

So haply mused yon little maid,
 From Israel's breezy mountain borne,
 No more to rest in Sabbath shade,
 Watching the free and waving corn.

A captive now, and sold, and bought,
 In the proud Syrian's hall she waits,
 Forgotten—such her moody thought—
 Even as the worm beneath the gates.

But One who ne'er forgets is here:
 He hath a word for thee to speak:

O serve Him yet in duteous fear,
And to thy Gentile lord be meek.

So shall the healing Name be known
By thee on many a heathen shore,
And Naaman on his chariot throne
Wait humbly by Elisha's door.

By thee desponding lepers know
The sacred water's sevenfold might,
Then wherefore sink in listless woe?
Christ's poor and needy claim your right.

Your heavenly right to do and bear
All for His sake ; nor yield one sigh
To pining doubt ; nor ask "What care
In the wide world for such as I?"

J. Keble



LXV

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSYRIANS

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed.
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Lord Byron

LXVI

HEAVENLY WISDOM

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures, greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand, she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left, the prize of fame,
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

J. Logan



LXVII

HABAKKUK'S PRAYER

Chap. iii. 17, 18.

YET though the fig-tree should no burden bear,
 Though vines delude the promise of the year ;
 Yet though the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parched glebe reward the peasant's toil ;
 Though the tired ox beneath his labors fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall !
 Yet shall my grateful strings
 Forever praise Thy name,
 Forever Thee proclaim
 The everlasting God, the mighty King of kings.

Broome

LXVIII

JOB'S CONFESSION

THOU canst accomplish all things, Lord of might :
 And every thought is naked to Thy sight.
 But O, Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
 Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
 Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty power,
 But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.
 O'erwhelmed with shame, the Lord of life I see,
 Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
 Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more ;
 Man is not made to question, but adore.

E. Young

LXIX

THE WATERS OF BABYLON

BUT on before me swept the moonlit stream
That had entranced me with his memories,
A thousand battles, and one burst of Psalms —
Rolling his waters to the Indian sea
Beyond Balsara, and Elana far,
Nigh to two thousand miles from Ararat.
And his full music took a finer tone,
And sang me something of a gentler stream
That rolls forever to another shore,
Whereof our God Himself is the sole sea,
And Christ's dear love the pulsing of the tide,
And His sweet Spirit is the breathing wind.
Something it chanted, too, of exiled men,
On the sad bank of that strange river, Life,
Hanging the harp of their deep heart-desires
To rest upon the willow of the Cross,
And longing for the everlasting hills,
Mount Sion, and Jerusalem of God.
And then I thought I knelt, and kneeling heard
Nothing — save only the long wash of waves,
And one sweet Psalm that sobbed for evermore.

W. Alexander



LXX

THE ANGELS' SONG

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King":
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven sky they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,

Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O ! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears

LXXI

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, — and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark :

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The star ! the star of Bethlehem !

H. Kirke White

LXXII

THE SEA OF GALILEE

HOW pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
 O sea of Galilee !
 For the Glorious One, who came to save,
 Has often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
 Where pine and heather grow ;
 But thou hast loveliness far above
 What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
 Comes down to drink thy tide ;
 But He that was pierced to save from hell
 Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palm, in thy soft air ;
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful round thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea ;
But ah, far more ! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

Those days are past, — Bethsaida, where ?
Chorazin, where art thou ?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here ?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee ;
How all an offered Christ who spurn
Shall mourn, at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, " Lovest thou Me ?
My lambs and sheep then feed ? "

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand !
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

O give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
 Threefold Thy love divine,
 That I may feed, till I find my grace,
 Thy flock, — both Thine and mine.

R. M. McCheyne

LXXIII

SAINT ANDREW

WHEN brothers part from manhood's race,
 What gift may most enduring prove
 To keep fond memory in her place,
 And certify a brother's love ?

'T is true, bright hours together told,
 And blissful dreams in secret shared,
 Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
 Shall last in fancy unimpaired.

E'en round the death-bed of the good
 Such dear remembrances will hover,
 And haunt us with no vexing mood,
 When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel
 We shall live on, though fancy die,
 And seek a surer pledge, — a seal
 Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou that wouldst grave thy name
 Thus deeply in a brother's heart ?
 Look on this saint, and learn to frame
 Thy love-charm with true Christian art.

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scanned His features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof ;

Such proof as they are sure to find
Who spend with Him their happy days,
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind,
Ever in time for love and praise.

Thus, potent with the spell of Heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain ;
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for ay to live,
And thoughts of good together done.

That so, before the judgment seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremembered ye may meet
For endless ages to embrace.

J. Keble



LXXIV

LAZARUS

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded, — if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?

Where wert thou, Brother, those four days?
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

A. Tennyson



LXXV

MARY

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is this blessedness like theirs ?

A. Tennyson

7



LXXVI

THE WEDDING FEAST

COURAGE, O faithful heart ;
Steadfast for ever !
In the eternal love
Faltering never :
Courage, O downcast eyes,
Bitter tears shedding ;
Hark ! how the chimes ring out
Joy for the wedding !

Open the golden doors ;
Through the high portal
Let the rich glory stream
Sea-like, immortal !
Open the golden doors
Wide from the centre ;—
Countless the multitude
Hither must enter !

Light up the palace halls,
From roof-tree to basement,
Bid the warm festal glow,
Flood every casement :
Chant ye the bridal song
Solemn and holy,
Waking to Paradise
Souls that lie lowly.

Out of old battle-fields
No man remembers ;

Out of still village yards
And dank charnel-chambers,
From the chill ocean-graves
Under far waters
And the dear sepulchres
Where sleep the martyrs.

Dives and Lazarus
One with the other ;
Peasant and emperor,
Foeman and brother,
Men with long century-lives
Braving death's shadow,
And sweet baby blossoms, — fresh
As flower in the meadow : —

Out of the million haunts
Where dead men lie idle,
Out of life's thousand ways : —
Call to the bridal :
Open the golden doors
Wide from the centre !
For they that are ready
To glory shall enter !

W. E. Littlewood



LXXVII

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

INTO a desolate land
White with the drifted snow,
Into a weary land
Our truant footsteps go :
Yet doth Thy care, O Father,
Ever Thy wanderers keep ;
Still doth Thy love, O Shepherd,
Follow Thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild
Do I not see Him come ?
Him who shall bear me back,
Him who shall lead me home ?
Listen ! between the storm-gusts
Unto the straining ear,
Comes not the cheering whisper, —
“ Jesus is near.”

Over me He is bending !
Now I can safely rest,
Found at the last, and clinging
Close to the Shepherd's breast :
So let me lie till the fold-bells
Sound on the homeward track,
And the rejoicing angels
Welcome us back !

W. E. Littlewood

LXXVIII

THE TREASURE

FAR away, where the tempests play,
Over the lonely seas,
Sail or still, with a steady will,
Onward before the breeze !

Onward yet, till our hearts forget
The loves that we leave behind,
Till the memories dear, that thrill in our ear,
Flow past like the whistling wind !

Let them come, sweet thoughts of home,
And voices we loved of old ;—
What care we, that sail the sea,
Bound for a Land of Gold ?

Gems there are which are lovelier far
Than the flash of a maiden's eyes ;
Jewels bright, as the magic light
That purples the evening skies.

Crowns that gleam like a fairy dream,
Treasures of price untold :
And we are bound for that charmed ground,
We sail for the Land of Gold !

W. E. Littlewood

LXXIX

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night, and chill !
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

No light had we, for that we do repent ;
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late ! and dark and chill the night !
O let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet ?
O, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet !
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

A. Tennyson



LXXX

“Unto Him who hath loved us”

THERE is no love like the love of Jesus,
Never to fade or fall,
Till into the fold of the peace of God
He has gathered us all !

There is no heart like the heart of Jesus
Filled with a tender lore ;
Not a throb or throe our hearts can know
But He suffered before !

There is no eye like the eye of Jesus :
Piercing far away ;
Never out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray !

There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Ah ! how sweet its chime,
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring
In the summer-time !

O might we listen that voice of Jesus,
O might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest, in peace, on His breast,
In the Heavenly home !

W. E. Littlewood

LXXXI

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life"

COME, my way, my truth, my life :
Such a way, as gives us breath :
Such a truth, as ends all strife :
Such a life, as killeth death.

Come, my light, my feast, my strength :
Such a light, as shows a feast :
Such a feast, as mends in length :
Such a strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my joy, my love, my heart :
Such a joy as none can move :
Such a love, as none can part :
Such a heart, as joys in love.

G. Herbert



LXXXII

"We've no abiding city here"

WE've no abiding city here :
This may distress the worldling's mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

We've no abiding city here :
Sad truth, were this to be our home !
But let this thought our spirits cheer ;
We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here :
Then let us live as pilgrims do !
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here :
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light !

Zion ! Jehovah is her strength ;
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

O ! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd flee away, and be at rest !

T. Kelly

LXXXIII

“A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness”

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in His day ;
And there would I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :

'T is strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine.

W. Cowper

LXXXIV

CHRIST'S CHURCH UNIVERSAL

"My Name shall be great among the Gentiles"

YES, so it was ere Jesus came ;
Alternate then His altar-flame
Blazed up and died away ;
And Silence took her turn with song,
And Solitude with the fair throng
That owned the festal day.
For in Earth's daily circuit then
One only border
Reflected to the seraph's ken
Heaven's light and order.

But now to the revolving sphere
We point, and say, no desert here,
No waste so dark and lone,
But to the hour of sacrifice
Comes daily in its turn, and lies
In light beneath the throne.
Each point of time, from morn to eve,
From eve to morning,
The shrine doth from the spouse receive
Praise and adorning.

J. Keble

LXXXV

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS

AND is there care in Heaven, and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?

There is, — else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But O the exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us who comfort want ;
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant.
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
O, why should heavenly God to man have such
regard ?

E. Spenser



LXXXVI

LITTLE CHRISTEL

"Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only"

I.

GOING home from the House of God,
The flower at her foot, and the sun overhead,
Little Christel so thoughtfully trod,
Pondering what the preacher had said.

"Even the youngest, humblest child,
Something may do to please the Lord."
"Now what," thought she, and half sadly smiled,
"Can I, so little and poor, afford?"

"Never, never a day should pass
Without some kindness, kindly shown."
Little Christel looked down at the grass
Rising like incense before the throne.

"Well, a day is before me now,
Yet what," thought she, "can I do if I try?
If an angel of God should show me how,
But silly am I, and the hours they fly."

Then a lark sprang singing up from the sod,
And Christel thought, as he rose to the blue,
"Perhaps he will carry my prayer to God,
But who would have thought the little lark
knew?"

II.

Now she entered the village street,
With book in hand, and face demure,
And soon she came, with sober feet,
To a crying babe at a cottage door.

The child had a windmill that would not move,
It puffed with its round red cheeks in vain,
One sail stuck fast in a puzzling groove,
And baby's breath could not stir it again.

Poor baby beat the sail, and cried,
While no one came from the cottage door ;
But little Christel knelt down by its side,
And set the windmill going once more.

Then babe was pleased, and the little girl
Was glad when she heard it laugh and crow ;
Thinking, happy windmill, that has but to whirl,
To please the pretty young creature so.

III.

No thought of herself was in her head,
As she passed out at the end of the street,
And came to a rose-tree, tall and red,
Drooping and faint with the summer heat.

She ran to a brook that was flowing by ;
She made of her two hands a nice round cup,
And washed the roots of the rose-tree high,
'Till it lifted its languid blossoms up.

“O happy brook !” thought little Christel,
“ You have done some good this summer’s day,
You have made the flower look fresh and well ” ;
Then she rose, and went on her way.

IV.

But she saw, as she walked by the side of the brook,
Some great rough stones that troubled its course,
And the gurgling water seemed to say, “ Look !
I struggle, and tumble, and murmur hoarse !

“ How these stones obstruct my road !
How I wish they were off, and gone ;
Then I could flow, as once I flowed,
Singing in silvery undertone.”

Then little Christel, as light as a bird,
Put off the shoes from her young white feet ;
She moves two stones, she comes to the third,
The brook already sings, “ Thanks to you,
sweet ! ”

O, then she hears the lark in the skies,
And thinks, “ What is it to God he says ? ”
And she stumbles, and falls, and cannot rise,
For the water stifles her downward face.

The little brook flows on, as before,
The little lark sings with as sweet a sound ;
The little babe crows at the cottage door ;
And the red rose blooms, but Christel lies
drowned.

v.

Come in softly, this is the room ;
Is not that an innocent face ?
Yes, those flowers give a faint perfume, —
Think child, of Heaven, and the Lord His grace.

Three at the right, and three at the left,
Two at the feet, and two at the head,
The tapers burn. The friends bereft,
Have cried till their eyes are swollen and red.

Who would have thought it when little Christel
Pondered on what the preacher had told ?
But the good wise God does all things well,
And the fair young creature lies dead and cold.

vi.

Then a little stream crept into the place,
And rippled up to the coffin's side,
And touched the corpse on its pale round face,
And kissed the eyes till they trembled wide :

Saying, "I am a river of joy from Heaven ;
You helped the brook, and I help you,
I sprinkle your brow with life-drops seven,
I bathe your eyes with healing dew."

Then a rose-branch in through the window came,
And colored her cheeks and lips with red ;
"I remember, and Heaven does the same,"
Was all that the faithful rose-branch said.

Then a bright small form to her cold neck clung,
It breathed on her, till her breast did fill,
Saying, "I am a cherub fond and young,
And I saw who breathed on the baby's mill."

Then little Christel sat up and smiled,
And said, "Who put these flowers in my hand?"
And rubbed her eyes, poor innocent child;
Not being able to understand.

VII.

But soon she heard the big bell of the church
Give the hour, which made her say,
"Ah! I have slept and dreamed in the porch;
It is a very drowsy day."

Anon

LXXXVII

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,

“What mean these words?” The clerk made answer
meet,

“He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.”
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
“’T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !”
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threat’nings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, “Who is there ?”
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
“Open : ’t is I, the King, art thou afraid ?”
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
“This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !”
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;

A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on, and thundered at the palace gate,
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring ;
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and comè to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne."
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;

Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King.”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made

By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While, with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
" I am the King ! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me ? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;
The Emperor, laughing, said, " It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court !"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky ;

The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
" Art thou the King ? " Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! "
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,

They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street :
 " He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree !"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
 " I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

H. W. Longfellow

LXXXVIII

CHARITY

THEN constant faith and holy hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy ;
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
 Shalt still survive —
 Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confessed,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

Matthew Prior

LXXXIX

THE LAST TRUMP

AS grew the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above :
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

John Dryden

XC

*“And Jesus said unto them, There shall not be left here
one stone upon another. . . . Heaven and earth shall
pass away.”*

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare

XCI

HOLY SCRIPTURE

WHO has this Book and reads it not
Doth God Himself despise ;
Who reads, but understandeth not,
His soul in darkness lies.

Who understands, but savors not,
He finds no rest in trouble ;
Who savors but obeyeth not,
He hath his judgment double.

Who reads this book — who understands —
Doth savor and obey ;
His soul shall stand at God's right hand,
In the great Judgment Day.

Old Hymn



IV

L I F E

XCII

THE PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, — immortal diet, —
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage,
While my soul, like a quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of heaven.

Sir Walter Raleigh

XCIII

THE HAPPY LIFE

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
 Or vice ; who never understood
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day,
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton

XCIV

THE GOOD LIFE—LONG LIFE

IT is not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make men better be ;
 Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson

XCV

SIN

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers.

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises.

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
Without, our shame, — within, our consciences ;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

G. Herbert



XCVI

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night :
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Makes the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. Herbert



XCVII

HOLY HABITS

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch of wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,
Golden, pleasant chains ;
Passing earth's prime blessing — health,
Endless, priceless gains ;

Holy habits give thee place
With the noblest, best,
All most Godlike, of thy race,
And with seraphs blest ;

Holy habits are thy joy,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn,
Seek them noon and even ;
Seek them till thy soul be born
Without stains — in Heaven.

T. Davis



XCVIII

LITTLE THINGS

THE flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that bends the flower,
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine ;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Springs from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things ?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous Autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such an one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where wellnigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings ;
What lifted her so lightly there ? —
Small feathers in her wings.

What form too, then, the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills, and skies ? —
Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over fervid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad?—
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass?—
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs,
Would scorn his little self.

Thomas Davis

XCIX

THE LOST DAY

LOST! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost— where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.

Yet to my hand 't was given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost ! lost ! lost !
I feel all search is vain ;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again :
I offer no reward, —
For till these heartstrings sever,
I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand,
Who judgeth quick and dead ;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

L. H. Sigourney



C

*RELIGION NOT ADVERSE TO
PLEASURE*

RELIGION does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued ;
To study, culture, and with artful toil,
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands ;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create ;
To mark the matchless workings of the power
That shuts within its seed the future flower :
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In color these, and those delight the smell ;
Sends Nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth and charm all human eyes :
To teach the canvas innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet, —
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time.

Cowper



CI

MUTABILITY

THE sea of Fortune doth not even flow,
 She draws her favors to the lowest ebb,
 Her tides have equal times to come and go,
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
 No joy so great, but runneth to an end ;
 No hap so hard, but may in time amend.

Not always full of leaf, nor always spring ;
 Not endless night, yet not eternal day :
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
 Thus with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

R. Southwell

CII

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
 Dawn with the day : these are set awful hours

'Twixt Heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I Am. — Can'st thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

H. Vaughan

CIII

TO A CHILD

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

C. Kingsley



CIV

THE CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS

THROUGH sorrow's path, and danger's road,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

There love's soft dew o'er every eye,
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

H. Kirke White

CV

THE CHARITIES OF THE POOR

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
That to its use I oft repair,
When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
And pleasure is but varied care, —
A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
To deck with flowers the bleakest moor, —
A thought whose home is paradise, —
The charities of poor to poor.

It were not for the rich to blame,
If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
Should vent their ill-content and shame
On others less or more forlorn :
But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife —
Is not for them to understand.

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil, —
To watch your helpless neighbor's bed,
And sleepless meet the morrow's toil ;
The gifts, not proffered once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years, —
And when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears.

Therefore lament not, honest soul !
That Providence holds back from thee,

The means thou might'st so well control, —
 The luxuries of charity.
 Manhood is nobler, as thou art ;
 And should some chance thy coffers fill,
 How art thou sure to keep thine heart,
 To hold unchanged thy loving will ?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
 And bears a poison in its core,
 To taint the best, if feeble mind,
 And madden that debased before.
 It is the battle, not the prize,
 That fills the hero's breast with joy ;
 And industry the bliss supplies
 Which mere possession might destroy.

R. M. Milnes

CVI

SAYING THE RESPONSES

“ **W**HAT is the Church, and what am I ? ”
 A world to one poor sandy grain,
 A waste of sea and sky,
 To one frail drop of rain.

“ What boots one feeble infant tone
 To the full choir denied, or given,
 Where millions round the throne
 Are chanting morn and even ? ”

Nay, the kind watchers hearkening there
 Distinguish in the deep of song
 Each little wave, each air,
 Upon the faltering tongue.

Each half-note in the great Amen,
Even by the utterer's self unheard,
They store ; O fail not then
To bring thy lowly word.

J. Keble

CVII

SAYING THE CREED

GIVE me a tender spotless child,
Rehearsing o'er at eve, or morn,
His chant of glory undefiled,
The creed that with the Church was born.

Down be his earnest forehead cast,
His slender fingers joined for prayer,
With half a frown his eye sealed fast,
Against the world's intruding glare.

Who, while his lips so gently move,
And all his look is purpose strong,
Can say what wonders, wrought above,
Upon his unstained fancy throng?

The world new framed, the Christ new born,
The mother-maid, the cross, and grave,
The rising sun on Easter morn,
The fiery tongues sent down to save.

The gathering Church, the font of life,
The saints and mourners kneeling round ;
The Day to end the body's strife,
The Saviour in His people crowned.

All in majestic march, and even,
 To the veiled eye by turns appear,
 True to their time as stars in heaven,
 No morning dreams so still and clear.

And this is Faith, and thus she wins
 Her victory day by day rehearsed,
 Seal but thine eye to pleasant sins,
 Love's glorious world will on thee burst.

J. Keble

CVIII

LABOR

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us :
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us :
 Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven !
 Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship !" the robin is singing :
 "Labor is worship !" the wild bee is ringing :
 Listen ! that eloquent music upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! — 't is the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory ! — the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.
Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work — thou shalt ride over care's coming billow,
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is health, — lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam, the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl growth,
Rich the Queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple, and statue, the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look to yon blue heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.
Work — for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor — all labor is noble and holy,
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

F. S. Osgood

CIX

CHEERFUL GIVING

CHRIST before thy door is waiting :
 Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold.
 Lo, He comes, thy pomp abating,
 Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold ;
 Hungry, by whom saints are fed
 With the eternal living Bread ;
 Thirsty, from whose pierced side,
 Healing waters spring and glide ;
 Cold and bare He comes, who never
 May put off His robe of light ;
 Homeless, who must dwell for ever
 In the Father's bosom bright.

Think how new-born saints assembling
 Daily 'neath the shower of fire,
 To their Lord in hope and trembling,
 Brought the choice of earth's desire.
 Never incense cloud so sweet,
 As before the Apostle's feet,
 Rose, majestic seer, from thee,
 Type of royal hearts and free,
 Son of holiest consolation,
 When thou turned'st thy land to gold,
 And thy gold to strong salvation,
 Leaving all, by Christ to hold.

Type of priest, and monarch, casting
 All their crowns before the throne,
 And the treasure everlasting
 Heaping in the world unknown.

Now in gems their relics lie,
And their names in blazonry,
And their forms from storied panes
Gleam athwart their own loved fanes,
Each his several radiance flinging
On the sacred altar floor,
Whether great ones much are bringing,
Or their mite the mean and poor.

Bring thine all, thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high, and hide it deep :
Thou shalt win o'erflowing measure,
Thou shalt climb where skies are steep.
For as heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So where bounty never faints,
There the Lord is with His saints,
Mercy's sweet contagion spreading
Far and wide from heart to heart ;
From His wounds atonement shedding
On the blessed widow's part.

J. Keble



CX

CHARITY

AN ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,
 The eagle's vigor in the pitying dove ;
 'T is not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
 That we the wants of pleading man supply,
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
 Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal :
 Not these suffice, — to sickness, pain, and woe,
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go ;
 Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
 But seeks the duty, — nay, prevents the need :
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
 And plants relief for coming miseries.

Crabbe

CXI

THE UNREGARDED TOILS OF THE POOR

ALAS ! what secret tears are shed,
 What wounded spirits bleed :
 What loving hearts are sunderèd,
 And yet man takes no heed !

He goeth in his daily course,
 Made fat with oil and wine,
 And pitieth not the weary souls
 That in his bondage pine, —
 That turn for him the mazy wheel,
 That delve for him the mine !

And pitieth not the children small
In smoky factories dim,
That all day long, lean, pale, and faint,
Do heavy tasks for him !

To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie :
It entereth not his thoughts that they
With him claim sympathy :
It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan,
That in His righteous eye their life
Is precious as his own.

M. Howitt

CXII

SUNDAY

O DAY most calm, most bright !
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood :
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy touch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which Heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities :
They are the fruitful bed and borders
In God's rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.

G. Herbert

CXIII

THE HOUR OF PRAYER

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
 While the red light fades away :
 Mother, with thine earnest eye
 Ever following silently :
 Father, by the breeze of eve
 Called thy harvest-work to leave,—
 Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveller in the stranger's land,
 Far from thine own household band :
 Mourner, haunted by the tone
 Of a voice from this world gone :
 Captive, in whose narrow cell
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell :
 Sailor, on the darkening sea,
 Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won
 Breathest now at set of sun ;

Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain :
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

F. Hemans

CXIV

EVENING

BEHOLD the sun, that seemed but now
Enthronèd overhead,
Beginning to decline below
The globe whereon we tread ;
And he, whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave,
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave :
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart,
And then the night of death draws nigh ;
Thus will they all depart.

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain !

And in the rights of our distress
 Wash with those rays divine
 Wash from the stain of righteousness
 For ever brightly shine.

G. Wither

CXV

BAPTISMAL HYMN

IN token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the cross upon thee here,
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
 To glory in His name,
 We blazon here upon thy front
 His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
 Christ's quarrel to maintain,
 But 'neath His banner manfully
 Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
 The path He travelled by,
 Endure the cross, despite the shame,
 And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly, and visibly,
 We seal thee for His own :
 And may the brow that wears His cross
 Hereafter share His crown.

H. Alford

CXVI

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SAY, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

“The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be.”

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

“That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet;
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.”

But, watchman, what of the night
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping bed?

“That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more.”

Anon.

CXVII

THE MARINER'S HYMN

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner ! Christian, Heaven
 speed thee,
 Let loose the rudder bands ! good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily, tempests will come :
 Steer thy course steadily ! Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather bow, breakers are round thee !
 Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee !
 Reef in the fore-sail there ! hold the helm fast !
 So — let the vessel wear ! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman ? what of the night ?
 " Cloudy — all quiet — no land yet — all's right."
 Be wakeful, be vigilant, danger may be
 At an hour when all seems securest to thee.

How — gains the leak so fast ? clear out the hold !
 Hoist up thy merchandise, — heave out the gold !
 There — let the ingots go ! now the ship rights ;
 Hurrah ! the harbor's near, — lo the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island,
 Straight for the beacon steer, — straight for the high-
 land ;
 Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam,
 Christian ! cast anchor now : Heaven is thy home !

C. Southey

CXVIII

MY PSALM

I MOURN no more my vanished years :
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope and fear :
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land
For harvest, weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong :
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back.

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to this day.

J. G. Whittier

CXIX

YOUTH AND AGE

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries ;
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller

CXX

MY BIRD

ERE last year's moon had left the sky,
 A birdling sought my Indian nest,
 And folded, O ! so lovingly,
 Its tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
 In winsome helplessness she lies ;
 Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
 Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird ;
 Broad earth owns not a happier nest :
 O God, Thou hast a fountain stirred,
 Whose waters nevermore shall rest !

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
 This seeming visitant from heaven,
 This bird with the immortal wing,
 To me,— to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
 The blood its crimson hue, from mine :
 This life, which I have dared invoke,
 Is parallel henceforth with mine.

A silent awe is in my room,—
 I tremble with delicious fear ;
 The future, with its light, and gloom,
 Time, and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise :
Hear, O my God ! one earnest prayer ;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there !

E. Judson

CXXI

HEAVEN

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given :
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered from the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From way to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

T. Moore



CXXII

DIFFERENT MINDS

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
 And wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue :
 And some with thankful love are filled
 If but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's good mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task,
 And all good things denied :
 And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How Love has in their aid
 (Love that not ever seems to tire)
 Such rich provision made.

Archbishop Trench

CXXIII

THE RULE OF GOD

I SAY to thee — Do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he and we and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this :
Yet one word more — They only miss
The winning of that perfect bliss,

Who will not count it true, that love —
Blessing, not cursing, — rules above.
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know :
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all that seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife, —
That this is blessing, this is life.

Archbishop Trench

CXXIV

*WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMIT-
AGE, ON NITHSIDE*

THOU whom chance may hither lead, —
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou decked in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
Beckoning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
And teach the sportive young ones round,
Saws of experience, wise and sound.
Say, man's true genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low ?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
Did many talents gild thy span,
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven
To Virtue or to Vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
Quod the beadsman of Nithside.

Robert Burns

CXXV

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or look for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train, —
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his wants allowed :
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learnt to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their wants to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

O. Goldsmith



CXXVI

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM AND HIS WORKS

IN the days of our forefathers, the gallant days of
 old,
 When Cressy's wondrous tale in Europe's ear was told ;
 When the brave and gentle Prince, with his heroic
 peers,
 Met France, and all her knighthood, in the vineyards
 of Poitiers ;
 When captive kings on Edward's state right humbly
 did attend ;
 When England's chivalry began the gartered knee to
 bend :
 Then in the foremost place, among the noblest of the
 land,
 Stood Wykeham, the great Bishop, upon the king's
 right hand.

But when gracious Edward slept, and Richard wore
 the crown,
 Forth came good William Wykeham, and meekly
 knelt him down.
 Then out spake young King Richard : " What boon
 can Wykeham ask,
 Which can surpass his worth, or our bounty overtask ?
 For art not thou our Chancellor ? and where in all the
 realm
 Is a wiser man, or better, to guide the laboring helm ?
 And thou know'st the holy lore, and the mason's cunning
 skill :
 So speak the word, good Wykeham, for thou shalt
 have thy will."

“ I ask not wealth, nor honor,” the Bishop lowly said,
“ Too much of both thy grandsire’s hand heaped on a
poor monk’s head :

This world it is a weary load, it presses down my soul ;
Fain would I pay my vows, and to heaven restore the
whole.

Grant me that two fair colleges, beneath thy charters
sure,

At Oxford, and at Winchester, forever may endure ;
Which Wykeham’s hands shall raise upon the grassy sod,
In the name of Blessèd Mary, and for the love of God.”

The king he sealed the charters, and Wykeham traced
the plan,

And God, who gave him wisdom, prospered the lowly
man :

So two fair colleges arose, one in calm Oxford’s glade,
And one, where Itchen sparkles beneath the plane-tree
shade.

There seventy true-born English boys he nourished
year by year,

In the nurture of good learning, and in God’s holy fear ;
And gave them steadfast laws, and bade them never
move

Without sweet sign of brotherhood, and gentle links
of love.

They grew beside his pastoral throne, and kept his
counsels sage,

And the good man rejoiced to bear such fruit in his
old age :

He heard the pealing notes of praise, which morn and
evening rung

Forth from their vaulted chapel, by their clear voices
sung ;

His eye beheld them two by two their canopy order
keep

Along the minster's sacred aisles, and up the beech-
crowned steep :

And when he went to his reward they shed the pious
tear,

And sang the hallowed requiem over his saintly bier.

Then came the dark and evil time, when English blood
was shed

All over fertile England, for the White Rose, or the
Red ;

But still in Wykeham's chapel the notes of praise were
heard,

And still in Wykeham's college they taught the Sacred
Word ;

And in the gray of morning, on every saint's-day still,
That black-gowned troop of brothers were winding up
the hill :

There in the hollow trench which the Danish pirate
made,

Or through the broad encampment, the peaceful schol-
ars played.

Trained in such gentle discipline from childhood to
their prime,

Grew mighty men and merciful, in that distracted
time,

Men on whom Wykeham's mantle fell, who stood be-
side their king

E'en in his place, and bore his staff, and the same pas-
toral ring ;

Who taught Heaven-destined monarchs to emulate his
deeds

Upon the banks of Cam, and in Eton's flowery meads ;

Founders of other colleges by Cherwell's lilled side,
Who laid their bones with his, when in ripe old age
they died.

And after that, when love grew cold, and Christendom
was rent,
And sinful churches laid them down in ashes to repent ;
When impious man bore sway, and wasted church, and
shrine,
And cloister, and old abbey, the works of men divine ;
Though upon all things sacred their robber hands they
laid,
They did not tear from Wykeham's gates the Blessed
Mother-maid :
But still in Wykeham's cloisters fair wisdom did in-
crease,
And then his sons began to learn the golden songs of
Greece.

And all through great Eliza's reign, those days of pomp
and pride,
They kept the laws of Wykeham, and did not swerve
aside :
Still in their vaulted chapel, and in the minster fair,
And in their lamp-lit chambers, they said the frequent
prayer ;
And when the Scottish plague-spot ran withering
through the land,
The sons of Wykeham knelt beneath meek Andrew's
fostering hand,
And none of all the faithless who breathed the unhal-
lowed vow,
Drank of the crystal waters beneath the plane-tree
bough.

Dread was the hour, but short as dread, when from the
 guarded down,

Fierce Cromwell's rebel soldiery kept watch o'er Wyke-
 ham's town :

Beneath their pointed cannon all Itchen's valley lay,
 St. Catharine's breezy side, and the woodlands far
 away,

The huge cathedral sleeping in venerable gloom,
 The modest college tower, and the bedesman's Nor-
 man home.

They spoiled the graves of valiant men, warrior, and
 saint, and sage,

But at the grave of Wykeham good angels quenched
 their rage.

Good angels still were there, when the base-hearted son
 Of Charles, the royal martyr, his course of shame did
 run :

Then in those cloisters holy Ken strengthened with
 deeper prayer

His own and his dear scholar's souls, to what pure
 souls should dare ;

Bold to rebuke enthronèd sin, with calm undazzled
 faith,

Whether amid the pomp of courts, or on the bed of
 death ;

Firm against kingly terrors in his free country's cause,
 Faithful to God's anointed against a world's ap-
 plause.

Since then, what wars, what tumults, what change has
 Europe seen !

But never since, in Itchen's vale, has war or tumult
 been ;

God's mercies have been with us, His favor still has
blest
The memories sweet, and glorious deeds, of the good
men at rest :
The many prayers, the daily praise, the nurture in the
Word,
Have not in vain ascended up before the gracious
Lord :
Nations, and thrones, and reverend laws have melted
like a dream ;
Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh beside the
crystal stream.

Four hundred years and fifty their rolling course have
sped
Since the first serge-clad scholar to Wykeham's feet
was led ;
And still his seventy faithful boys, in these presump-
tuous days,
Learn the old truths, speak the old words, tread in the
ancient ways :
Still for their daily orisons resounds the matin chime ;
Still linked in bands of brotherhood, St. Catharine's
steep they climb ;
Still to their Sabbath worship they troop by Wyke-
ham's tomb ;
Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet song of
home.

And at th' appointed seasons, when Wykeham's boun-
ties claim
The full heart's solemn tribute from those who love his
name,

Still shall his white-robed children, as age on age rolls
 by,
 At Oxford, and at Winchester, give thanks to God
 Most High :
 And amid kings, and martyrs shedding down glorious
 light,
 While the deep-echoing organ swells to the vaulted
 height,
 With grateful thoughts o'erflowing at the mercies they
 behold,
 They shall praise their sainted fathers, the famous men
 of old.

CXXVII

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There's a star to guide the humble ;—
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ! strong, or weary,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning !
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect, or faction ;
 Trust no leaders in the fight ;

But in every word and action,
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

Trust no lovely forms of passion :
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight :
Cease from man, and look above thee,
“Trust in God, and do the right.”

Norman Macleod



V

D E A T H

CXXVIII

MAN'S MORTALITY

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or as the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man ; — whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done. —
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes — and man, he dies.
Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that 's new begun,
Or like the bird that 's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man ; — who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death. —
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dews ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan 's near death, — man's life is done.

S. Wastell

CXXIX

TO GOD IN HIS SICKNESS

WHAT though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow-tree ?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have ?
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie numbered with the dead ?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring — though now a withered flower.

R. Herrick

CXXX

A HAPPY DEATH

AS precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple and expire ;
So was she born, exhaled, and vanished hence,
A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died ;
For but a *now* did heaven and earth divide ;
She passed serenely with a single breath ;
This moment perfect health, the next was death.
As gentle dreams on waking thoughts pursue ;
Or one dream passed, we slide into a new ;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep ;
So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of Heaven, and she was there.
No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise ;
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice.

John Dryden

CXXIX

*MAGDALEN'S HYMN**During the Plague*

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, "Prepare to die."

The face that, in the morning sun,
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave
With thin locks silvery-gray ;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of day.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music, all are gone !
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not, when the death prayer is said,
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come brightening from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came! —
We veil our eyes before Thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name.

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
The plague may soon destroy ;
We think on Thee, and feel in death,
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanished years
In the glory yet to come ;
O idle grief ! O foolish tears !
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest ;
We part with life — awake ! and there
The jewel in our breast.

Prof. Wilson



CXCXII

HOPE IN DEATH

MY life's a shade, my days
 Apace to death decline ;
 My Lord is Life, He'll raise
 My dust again, e'en mine.
 Sweet truth to me !
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
 My bones till that sweet day ;
 I wake from my long sleep
 And leave my bed of clay.
 Sweet truth to me !
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see.

My Lord His angels shall
 Their golden trumpets sound,
 At whose most welcome call
 My grave shall be unbound.
 Sweet truth to me !
 I shall arise,
 And with these eyes
 My Saviour see.

I said sometimes with tears,
 Ah me ! I'm loath to die !

Lord, silence Thou these fears :
My life 's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death ?
My life and I shan't part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

Then welcome, harmless grave :
By thee to Heaven I'll go :
My Lord His death shall save
Me from the flames below,
Sweet truth to me !
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see.

S. Crossman



CXXXIII

TO A DYING CHRISTIAN

HAPPY soul ! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love !

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest !
For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign !

Charles Wesley



CXXXIV

*A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF
FRIENDS*

WHICH is the happiest death to die ?
“ O ! ” said one, “ if I might choose
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet should be
The victory I should gain !

“ Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps which ring above :
And sing it as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death, —
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise,
And gather from the death they view
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they shall be departing too.”

“ No,” said another, “ so not I,
Sudden as thought is the death I would die ;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by,
Nor bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,

Nor the frame with mortal terror quaking,
 Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking,—

So would I die !

All bliss, without a pang to cloud it !

All joy, without a pain to shroud it !

Not slain, but caught up as it were,

To meet the Saviour in the air !

So would I die !

O, how bright

Were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon my sight !

Even so

I long to go,

These passing hours how sad and slow !”

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,

As if gazing on visions of ecstasy :

The hue of his cheek and lip decayed,

Around his mouth a sweet smile played ;—

They looked,— he was dead !

His spirit was fled :

Painless and swift as his own desire,

The soul undressed

From her mortal rest

And stepped in her car of heavenly fire ;

And proved how bright

Were the realms of light,

Bursting at once upon the sight.

James Edmeston



CXXXV

A DEATH SCENE

D YING, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky :
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell ;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that, in some convent picture,
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed.
Then we thought how, with faith unshrinking,
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And, taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

Phæbe Carey

CXXXVI

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 O, the pain, the agony of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs us quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

A. Pope

CXXXVII

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have naught that is fair ? ” saith he ;
“ Have naught but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again . ”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay , ”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child . ”

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear . ”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day;
 'T was an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.

H. W. Longfellow

CXXXVIII

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT

O FAIREST flower ! no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry ;
 For he, being amorous of that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, sought to kiss,
 But killed, alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delvèd tomb ;
 Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?

O no, for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

O ! wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixèd seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed,
 As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed ;

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire ?

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent :

 This if thou do, He will an offering give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to
 live.

J. Milton

CXXXIX

FUNERAL HYMN

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will not
 deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour hath past through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the
 gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long ;
But the sunshine of Heaven beamed bright on thy
 waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's
 song.

Thou art gone to the grave ! but 't were vain to deplore
thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour has died.

Bishop Haber

CXL

THE BURIAL ANTHEM

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode ;
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;

And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
The solemn Priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

H. H. Milman



CXLI

AN EPITAPH

RECEIVE him, earth, unto thine harboring shrine ;
 In thy soft tranquil bosom let him rest ;
 These limbs of man I to thy care consign,
 And trust the noble fragments to thy breast.

This house was once the mansion of a soul
 Brought into life by its Creator's breath ;
 Wisdom did once this living mass control ;
 And Christ was there enshrined, who conquers death.

Cover this body to thy care consigned ;
 Its Maker shall not leave it in the grave ;
 But His own lineaments shall bear in mind,
 And shall recall the image which He gave.
I. Williams, from Prudentius

CXLII

FEAR OF DEATH

O MISERABLE man,
 Who hath all the world to friend,
 Yet dares not in prosperity
 Remember his latter end !

But happy man, whate'er
 His earthly lot may be,
 Who looks on death as the angel
 That shall set his spirit free,
 And bear it to his heritage
 Of immortality.

R. Southey

CXLIII

ALL SAINTS' DAY

The gathering of the Dead

THE day is cloudy ; it should be so :
And the clouds in flocks to the eastward go ;
For the world may not see the glory there,
Where Christ and His Saints are met in the air.
There is a stir among all things round,
Like the shock of an earthquake underground,
And there is music in the motion,
As soft and deep as a summer ocean.
All things that sleep awake to-day,
For the cross and the crown are won,
The winds of spring
Sweet songs may bring
Through the half-unfolded leaves of May ;
But the breeze of spring
Hath no such thing
As the musical sounds that run
Where the anthem note by God is given,
And the martyrs sing,
And the angels ring
With the cymbals of highest Heaven.
In Heaven above, and on earth beneath,
In the holy place where dead men sleep,
In the silent sepulchres of death,
Where angels over the bodies keep
Their cheerful watch till the second breath
Into the Christian dust shall creep,—
In heights, and depths, and darkest caves,
In the unlit green of the ocean waves,—
In fields where battles have been fought,
Dungeons where murders have been wrought,—

The shock and the thrill of life have run :

The reign of the Holy is begun !

There is labor and unquietness

In the very sands of the wilderness,

In the place where rivers ran.

Where the simoon blast hath fiercely past

O'er the midnight caravan.

From sea to sea, from shore to shore,

Earth travails with her dead once more.

In one long, endless, filing crowd,

Apostles, Martyrs, Saints have gone,

Where behind yon screen of cloud

The Master is upon His throne !

Only we are left alone !

Left in this waste and desert place,

Far from our natural home ;

Left to complete our weary race

Until His kingdom come.

O, my God ! that we could be

Among that shining company !

But once a year with solemn hand

The Church withdraws the veil,

And there we see that other land,

Far in the distance pale.

While good church-bells are loudly ringing

All on the earth below,

And white-robed choirs with angels singing,

Where stately organs blow :

And up and down each holy street

Faith hears the tread of viewless feet,

Such as in Salem walked, when He

Had gotten Himself the victory.

So be it ever year by year,

Until the Judge himself be here !

F. W. Faber

CXLIV

EPITAPH IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

IF Heavenly flowers might bloom unharmed on earth,
And gales of Eden still their balm bestow,
Thy gentle virtues, rich in purest worth,
Might yet have lingered in our vale below ;

Loved daughter, sister, friend : we saw awhile
Thy meek-eyed modesty which loved the shade,
Thy faithfulness which knew nor change, nor guile,
Thy heart like incense on God's altar laid.

But He whose spirit breathes the air divine,
That gives to souls their loveliness and grace,
Soonest embowers pure faithful hearts like thine
In His own Paradise, their blissful place.

John Davison



CXLV

THE HAPPY DEAD

'T IS folly all that can be said,
 By living mortals, of the immortal dead.
 'T is as if we who stay behind
 In expectation of the wind,
 Should pity those who passed this strait before,
 And touch the universal shore.
 Ah, happy man, who art to sail no more !
A. Cowley

CXLVI

EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE

Who died and were buried together

TO these, whom death again did wed,
 This grave's the second marriage bed,
 For though the hand of fate could force
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
 It could not sever man and wife,
 Because they both lived but one life.
 Peace, good reader, do not weep,
 Peace, the lovers are asleep !
 They (sweet turtles) folded lie,
 In the last knot love could tie.
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 And the eternal morrow dawn ;
 Then the curtains will be drawn,
 And they wake into a light,
 Whose day shall never end in night.

R. Crashaw

CXLVII

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON

WHAT mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real love inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave !
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps the mansions of the dead ;
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid ;
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
O, gone forever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls, where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumphed ; or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs grand with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood.
Just men by whom imperial laws were given,
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

Tickell

CXLVIII

SUSPIRIA

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away
 Whatever thou canst call thine own !
 Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
 Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
 As garments by the soul laid by,
 And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
 Our little life is but a gust,
 That bends the branches of thy tree,
 And trails its blossoms in the dust.

H. W. Longfellow



CXLIX

LADY MARY

THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun ;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,—
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest :
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Played on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,

Among the perfect spirits
 In the land of rest :
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the Throne ;
 We shall see thee when the light Divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the Resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

H. Alford

CL

MY BROTHIER'S GRAVE

BENEATH the chancel's hallowed stone,
 Exposed to every rustic tread,—
 To few, save rustic mourners known,—
 My brother, is thy lowly bed.
 Few words upon the rough stone graven
 Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare,—
 Thy innocence, thy hopes of Heaven,—
 In simplest phrase recorded there :
 No scutcheons shine, no banners wave
 In mockery o'er my brother's grave.
 The place is silent,—rarely sound
 Is heard those ancient walls around ;

Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet
Discoursing in the public street,
Nor hum of business, dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell
From neighboring fort or citadel,—
No sound of human toil, or strife,
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life ;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
 Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unbroken sleep,
 The living eye hath never known.
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As slowly pacing through the aisle,
 He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
 Those windows on the Sabbath day ;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
 Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
 Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees,—
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
 And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
 Of earthly ills in hope of Heaven ;—
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone ?
What form in priestly meek array,
Beside the altar kneels to pray ?

What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup ?
Full well I know that reverend form ;
And, if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm
My brother made thy heart his bed ;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou wert wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel ;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul ;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell
Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, those were happy days
When thou and I were children yet ;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget !
My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain ;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow,—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day !
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God !
For souls in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine.

I feel not now as then I felt,—
The sunshine of my heart is o'er ;
The spirit now is changed, which dwelt
Within me in the days before ;
But thou wert snatched, my brother, hence
In all thy guileless innocence.
One Sabbath saw thee bend thy knee
In reverential piety,
For childish faults forgiveness crave,—
The next beamed brightly on thy grave.
The crowd, of which thou late wert one,
Now thronged across thy burial stone ;
Rude footsteps trampled on the spot
Where thou liest mouldering and forgot ;
And some few gentler bosoms wept
In silence where my brother slept.

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb ;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom ;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim at thy side ;
With thee he roams, an infant shade,
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both ! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best ;
And that dear home which saw your birth
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth ;
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirits wander o'er ?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality ?

My boyish days are nearly gone,
My breast is not unsullied now ;
And worldly cares and woes will soon
 Cut their deep furrows on my brow ;
And life will take a darker hue
From ills my brother never knew.
And I have made me bosom friends,
 And loved, and linked my heart with others ;
But who with mine his spirit blends
 As mine was blended with my brother's ?
When years of rapture glided by,
 The spring of life's unclouded weather,
Our souls were knit, and thou, and I,
My brother, grew in love together ;
The chain is broke which bound us then,—
Where shall I find its like again ?

J. Moultrie

CLI

A WALK IN A CHURCHYARD

WE walked within the churchyard bounds,
 My little boy, and I,—
He, laughing, running happy rounds,
I, pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child, it is not well," I said,
 "Among the graves to shout ;
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,—

A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they. —

Then, quite forgetting the command,
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous, as at the first.

And now I did not check him more ;
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before,
Even in that moment's space.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass
As freely as elsewhere ;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And, formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone ;
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a gray headstone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth ;
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live,
These springs or gushing mirth ;

If our true wisdom were to mourn
And linger with the dead,—
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm, and earthy bed.

O no, the glory earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won,
If we but judge aright.

A triumph won o'er sin and death :
From these the Saviour saves ;
And like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

Archbishop Trench



CLII

ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last :
Those lips are thine, — thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize, —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss, —
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? — It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown :
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more. —

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession ! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe, and warmly laid :
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, —
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone, and glowed :

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, —
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while, —
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile), —

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no, — what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, — as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ; —

So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
“ Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,”
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distrest,—
Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell,— Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. Cowper



CLIII

PRINCE ALBERT

WE have lost him ; he is gone !
We know him now : all narrow jealousies
Are silent ; and we see him as he moved :
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction, or to that ;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambition, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure ; but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot : for where is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his ?
Or how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her kings to be !
Laborious for her people, and her poor,—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,—
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes, and rivalries of peace,—
Sweet nature, gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name
Hereafter, through all time, Albert the Good !

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure ;
 Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past, and leaves
 The crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God's love set thee at his side again.

A. Tennyson

CLIV

FIRE

SWEET maiden, for so calm a life
 Too bitter seemed thy end ;
 But thou hadst won thee, ere that strife
 A more than earthly Friend.

We miss thee in thy place at school,
 And in thine homeward way,
 Where violets, by the reedy pool
 Peep out so shyly gay ;

Where thou, a true and gentle guide,
 Wouldst lead thy little band,
 With all an elder sister's pride,
 And rule with heart and hand.

And if we miss, O who may speak
What thoughts are hovering round
The pallet where thy fresh young cheek
Its evening slumber found ?

How many a tearful, longing look,
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where in its own familiar nook
Thy fireside chair is set.

And oft, when little voices dim,
Are feeling for the note,
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And, wavering, wildly float,

Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought,—
But ne'er shall bring again.

O, say not so ! the spring-tide air
Is fraught with whisperings sweet ;
Who knows but heavenly carols there
With ours may duly meet ?

Who knows how near, each holy hour,
The pure and child-like dead
May linger, when in shrine or bower
The mourner's prayer is said ?

And He who willed thy tender frame
(O, stern but sweet decree !)
Should wear the martyr's robe of flame,—
He hath prepared for thee

A garland in that region bright
 Where infant spirits reign,
 Tinged faintly with such golden light
 As crowns His martyr train.

Nay, doubt it not: His tokens sure
 Were round her death-bed shown:
 The wasting pain might not endure,
 'T was calm ere life had flown;

Even as we read of saints of yore:
 Her heart and voice were free
 To crave one quiet slumber more
 Upon her mother's knee.

J. Keble

CLV

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
 And the voices of the Night
 Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
 To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light
 Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
 Enter at the open door;
 The belovèd, the true-hearted,
 Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

H. W. Longfellow

CLVI

RESIGNATION

TH**ERE** is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

H. W. Longfellow

CLVII

GENOVEVA

GENTLY speak, and lightly tread,
 'T is the chamber of the dead.
 Now thine earthly course is run,
 Now thy weary day is done,
 Geneveva, sainted one !

Happy flight thy sprite has taken,
 From its plumes earth's last dust shaken :
 On the earth is passionate weeping,
 Round thy bier lone vigils keeping, —
 In the heaven triumphant songs,
 Welcome of angelic throngs,
 As thou enterest on that day
 Which no tears, nor fears allay,
 No regrets, nor pangs affray,
 Hemmed not in by yesterday,
 By to-morrow hemmed not in,
 Weep not for her, — she doth win
 What we long for ; now is she
 That which all desire to be.
 Bear her forth with solemn cheer,
 Bear her forth on open bier,
 That the wonder which hath been
 May of every eye be seen.
 Wonderful ! that pale worn brow
 Death hath scarcely sealed, and now
 All the beauty that she wore
 In the youthful years before,
 All the freshness, and the grace,
 And the bloom upon her face,

Ere that seven-year'd distress
In the painful wilderness,
Ere that wasting sickness came,
Undermining quite her frame,
All come back,— the light, the hue,
Tinge her cheek and lip anew :
Far from her, O far away,
All that is so quick to say,
“ Man returneth to his clay ”;
All that to our creeping fear
Whispers of corruption near.
Seems it as she would illumine,
With her radiance and her bloom,
The dark spaces of the tomb.

Archbishop Trench

CLVIII

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They, that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Mrs. Hemans



CLIX

*THE CHURCH OF BERN**The Tomb*

SO rest, forever rest, O Princely Pair !
 In your high church, 'mid the still mountain air,
 Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come,
 Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb
 From the rich painted windows of the nave
 On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave ;
 Where thou, young Prince, shalt never more arise
 From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
 On Autumn mornings, when the bugle sounds,
 And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
 To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve.
 And thou, O Princess, shalt no more receive,
 Thou and thy ladies in the hall of state,
 The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
 Coming benighted to the castle gate.

So sleep, forever sleep, O Marble Pair !
 And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair,
 On the carved western front, a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright
 Prophets, transfigured saints, and martyrs brave,
 In the vast western window of the nave ;
 And on the pavement round the tomb there glints
 A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
 And amethyst, and ruby ; — then unclose
 Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
 And from your brodered pillows lift your heads,
 And rise upon your cold white marble beds,

And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say — “ What is this ? we are in bliss,— forgiven,—
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven ! ” —
Or let it be on Autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof ; and on the walls,
Shedding her pensive light at intervals,
The moon through the clerestory windows shines ;
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliated marble forest where ye lie,
“ Hush ! ” ye will say — “ it is eternity !
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces.”
And in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
The passage of the Angels’ wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crustled leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

Matthew Arnold



CLX

LONGING FOR HOME

A SONG of a boat :—

There was once a boat on a billow :
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would
blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtseying over the billow ;
I marked her course till, a dancing mote,
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home :
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me.

A song of a nest :—

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,

Soft and warm, and full to the brim ;
Vetches leaned over it, purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long : —
You shall never light in a summer quest
The bushes among, —
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly ; —
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And — I wish I was going too.

I pray you, what is the nest to me, —
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?
Can I call that home where my heart was set
Now all its hope has failed ?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be ;
There is the home where my hopes are sent,
The only home for me.

J. Ingelow

CLXI

STRIFE AND PEACE

THE yellow poplar-leaves came down
 And like a carpet lay,
 No waftings were in the sunny air,
 To flutter them away ;
 And he stepped on blithe and debonair,
 That warm October day.

“The boy,” saith he, “hath got his own,
 But sore has been the fight,
 For ere his life began the strife
 That ceased but yesternight ;
 For the will,” he said, “the kinsfolk read,
 And read it not aright.

“His cause was argued in the court
 Before his christening day,
 And counsel was heard, and judge demurred,
 And bitter waxed the fray ;
 Brother with brother spake no word
 When they met in the way.

“Against each one did each contend,
 And all against the heir,
 I would not bend, for I knew the end,—
 I have it for my share,
 And naught repent, though my best friend
 From henceforth I must spare.

“Manor, and moor, and farm, and wold,
 Their greed begrudged him sore,

And parchments old with passionate hold
They guarded heretofore ;
And they carped at signature and seal,
But they may carp no more.

“An old affront will stir the heart
Through years of rankling pain,
And I feel the fret that urged me yet
That warfare to maintain ;
For an enemy's loss may well be set
Against an infant's gain.

“An enemy's loss I go to prove ;
Laugh out, thou little heir !
Laugh in his face who vowed to chase
Thee from thy birthright fair ;
For I come to set thee in thy place :
Laugh out, and do not spare.”

A man of strife, in wrathful mood
He neared the nurse's door ;
With poplar-leaves the roof and eaves
Were thickly scattered o'er,
And yellow as they a sunbeam lay
Along the cottage floor.

“Sleep on, thou pretty, pretty lamb,”
He hears the fond nurse say ;
“And if angels stand at thy right hand,
As now belike they may,
And if angels meet at thy bed's feet,
I fear them not this day.

“Come wealth, come want to thee, dear heart,
It was all one to me,

For thy pretty tongue far sweeter rung,
Than coined gold and fee ;
And ever the while thy waking smile
It was right fair to see,

“ Sleep, pretty bairn, and never know
Who grudged and who transgressed ;
Thee to retain I was full fain,
But God He knoweth best !
And His peace upon thy brow lies plain
As the sunshine on thy breast.”

The man of strife, he enters in,
Looks, and his pride doth cease ;
Anger and sorrow shall be to-morrow,
Trouble, and no release ;
For the babe whose life awoke the strife
Hath entered into peace.

J. Ingelow



CLXII

THE MOTHER'S DEATH

METHOUGHT I heard a sound, methought it
 came
From my poor mother's room — I softly crept
And listened : in the middle of the night
I heard her talk with God. — “Thou knowest well
That sorrow has been with me like a babe
In my great solitude, till I have come
To love its smileless face. Thou Love who wrapt
Thyself in flesh, and sat awhile disguised
At the rude feast of our humanity,
And tasted every sweet and bitter there,
Then rose, and unsuspected went away :
Who loved the humble ones at Bethany ;
Who wept o'er Lazarus, and with Thy tears
Comforted all the family of grief,
In every time, in every far-off land ; —
Thou infinite tenderness wilt pardon me
If my heart murmured when my lips were still.
Our life is noble, Thou hast breathed its air ;
Death sweet, for Thou hast died. On Thy way home
One night Thou slept'st within the dreadful grave,
And took away its fear. O, smile on me !
The world and I have done ; with humble heart
I sit down at Thy glorious gates and wait
Till death shall lead me in. But chiefly bless
My poor boy, left alone in this ill world :
I never more may look upon his face,
May never hear his voice. Thou know'st him well,
For every morning, long before the lark

Sang at Thy shining doors, my prayer arose
 To crave Thy blessing on his restless youth.
 It is the evening of my day of life,
 I have been working from the early dawn,
 And sore, and weary ; let me go to sleep, —
 Let me stretch out my limbs, and be at rest
 In the untroubled silence of the grave.”
 My heart swelled like a man's who, after years
 Wasted in riot 'neath a tropic sky,
 Returns, and wandering on a Sabbath eve,
 Bursts into tears beside a twilight church,
 Filled with a psalm which he knew long ago
 When his heart too was pure.

I ran to her,
 But she had sunk in swoon, and there I stood
 Like one too late upon a brink, who sees
 The water closing over all he loves.
 I knelt down by the bed. “Come, Margery !
 The sea is glittering in the sunny bay,
 The fishers' nets are drying on the shore,
 And let us gather silver purple shells
 For necklaces. You have been in the woods ;
 Your lips are black with berries. O the boats !
 The bonny bonny boats ! List, the fishers sing !”
 “O, mother, mother !”

“They have left me here,
 Upon this dark and lonely, lonely road ;
 I cannot hear a voice, or touch a hand ;
 O Father, take me home !” She sobbed and wept
 As if she were a little wandered child.
 Her Father took her home. I stooped to catch
 Her feeble breath, a change came o'er her look,
 A flutter in her throat, and all was peace.

A. Smith

CLXIII

*ON THE GRAVE OF BISHOP KEN, AT
FROME, SOMERSETSHIRE*

LET other thoughts, where'er I roam,
Ne'er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome,
That lies behind the chancel ;
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of osier,
And shapes above that represent
A mitre and a crosier.

These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken ;
These iron bars a heart declare
Hard bent but never broken ;
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

There with the churchyard's common dust
He loved his own to mingle ;
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single :
Yet laid he to the sacred wall
As close as he was able,
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

Who was this father of the Church,
So secret in his glory ?

In vain might antiquarians search
 For record of his story ;
 But preciously tradition keeps
 The fame of holy men ;
 So there the Christian smiles or weeps
 For love of Bishop Ken.

A name his country once forsook,
 But now with joy inherits,
 Confessor in the Church's book,
 And martyr in the Spirit's !
 That dared with royal power to cope,
 In peaceful faith persisting,
 A braver Becket — who could hope
 To conquer unresisting.

R. M. Milnes

CLXIV

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early,
 mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year.
 It is the last new-year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no
 more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my
 peace of mind ;
 And the new-year's coming up, mother, but I shall
 never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a
merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May ;
And we danced about the maypole, and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

There 's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the
pane :
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on
high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with Summer
o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering
grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of
mine,
In the early early morning the Summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world
is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light,
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night ;

When from the dry dark wold the Summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush
in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn
shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am
lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when
you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant
grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me
now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, on my cheek and on
my brow.
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another
child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-
place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon
your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what
you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far
away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said, Good-
night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door ;

Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be grow-
ing green :

She 'll be a better child to you than I have ever been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden
more :

But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-bush
that I set

About the parlor-window, and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the day is
born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-year,
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother
dear.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round, I hear the bleating of the
lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's
here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the
skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that
cannot rise ;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers
that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to
go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed
sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be
done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words
of peace.

O blessings on his forehead and on his silver hair !
And blessings on me, that I may be long, until he meet
me there !

O blessings on his knees and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the meanness that he showed me all the
sin ;

Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's One
will let me in :

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could
be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-
watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and morn-
ing meet ;

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning, I heard the angels
call ;

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to
roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my
soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie
dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here.
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt
resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me,—I know not
what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my
mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, “It’s not for
them : ’t is mine.”
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a
sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-
bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among
the stars.

So now I think my time is near ; I trust it is ; I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to
go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am past
away.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a
glow,
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I
know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light
may shine,—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day
is done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the
sun,—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true,—
And what is life that we should moan ? why make we
such ado ?

Forever and forever all in a blessèd home,
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie
come,—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your
breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.

A. Tennyson



CLXV

LITTLE WILLIE

POOR little Willie,
With his many pretty wiles :
Worlds of wisdom in his look,
And quaint, quiet smiles ;
Hair of amber, touched with
Gold of Heaven so brave ;
All lying darkly hid
In a workhouse grave.

You remember little Willie,
Fair and funny fellow ! he
Sprang like a lily
From the dirt of poverty.
Poor little Willie !
Not a friend was nigh,
When from the cold world
He crouched down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
Little Willie cried for "bread";
In the night we wandered homeless,
Little Willie cried for "bed."
Parted at the workhouse door,
Not a word we said ;
Ah ! so tired was poor Willie !
And so sweetly sleep the dead !

'T was in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth ;

The world brought in the new year
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie
Not a tear we crave ;
Cold and hunger cannot wake him
In his workhouse grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part ;
We loved him dutiful :
Down, down, poor heart !
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave ;
Little Willie feels not
In his workhouse grave.

No room for little Willie ;
In the world he had no part ;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye
Through which looks no heart.
“Come to me,” said Heaven ;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters though the door
Be a workhouse grave.

Gerald Massey



VI

THE HEART

CLXVI

CHRIST TO THE SINNER

HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord,
'T is thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

" I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

" Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee !

" Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint ;
 Yet I love Thee, and adore !
 O ! for grace to love Thee more.

W. Cowper

CLXVII

SUBMISSION

O LORD ! how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best .

How far from this our daily life !
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms ;
 O could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thy almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear, in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should,
 So chafes fall'n nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;

Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,
Make them from self to cease ;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction peace.

Child's Christian Year

CLXVIII

THE STRANGER

BEHOLD ! a Stranger 's at the door !
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed ?
He will ! the very Friend you need !
The Man of Nazareth, 't is He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
Lo ! He has riches to impart ;
Not wealth, in which mean avarice rolls ;
O better far ! the wealth of souls !

Thou 'rt blind ; He 'll take the scales away,
And let in everlasting day ;
Naked thou art ; but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in Righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly;
 For who can weep with Jesus by?
 No terror shall thy hopes annoy;
 No tear except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
 Admit Him, for you can't expel;
 Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
 His feet departed, ne'er return!
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
 When at His door denied you'll stand.

J. Grigg

CLXIX

THE VOICE OF JESUS

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold! I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

H. Bonar

CLXX

AFFLICTION

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this stone, so poor and bare
Of shape and lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay
With file and flint to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart:
 It must be crushed by pain and smart,
 It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
 Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
 To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

Bishop Wilberforce

CLXXI

THE HEART'S HOME

HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
 shore,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
 Of that new life, when sin shall be no more.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
 And like benighted men we miss our mark:
 God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
 Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come,"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past,
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

F. W. Faber

CLXXII

THE HEART'S LONGING

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
Who doth not crave for rest !
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
'T is weary waiting here :
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
We want to sin no more ;
We want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

F. W. Faber

CLXXIII

A PRAYER

THOU, who dost dwell alone,—
 Thou, who dost know thine own,—
 Thou, to whom all are known
 From the cradle to the grave,—
 Save, O save.
 From the world's temptations,
 From tribulations ;
 From that fierce anguish
 Wherein we languish ;
 From that torpor deep
 Wherein we lie asleep,
 Heavy as death, cold as the grave ;
 Save, O save.
 When the soul, growing clearer,
 Sees God no nearer :
 When the soul, mounting higher,
 To God comes no nigher :
 But the arch-fiend, Pride,
 Mounts at her side,
 Foiling her high emprise,
 Sealing her eagle eyes,
 And when she fain would soar,
 Makes idols to adore ;
 Changing the pure emotion
 Of her high devotion
 To a skin-deep sense
 Of her own eloquence :
 Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
 Save, O save.

From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature ;
From grief that is but passion ;
From mirth that is but feigning ;
From tears that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining ;
 Thine old strength revealing,
 Save, O save.
From doubt where all is double :
Where wise men are not strong :
Where comfort turns to trouble :
Where just men suffer wrong,—
Where sorrow treads on joy :
Where sweet things soonest cloy :
Where faiths are built on dust :
Where Love is half mistrust ;
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea ;
 O, set us free.
O, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
O, where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb :
Let all words be mild :
All strifes be reconciled :
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness ;
Love no unkindness ;
Knowledge no ruin ;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, O save.

Matthew Arnold

CLXXIV

CHRISTIAN COURAGE

O SHAME upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave ;
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;
The pure, calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern morn,
As day's wild lights decline.

J. Keble



CLXXV

LITTLE SINS

LOOK westward, pensive little one,
How the bright hues together run,
Around where late the waning sun
Sank in his evening cloud.
Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

Thou seest it not : an envious screen,
A fluttering leaflet, floats between
Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in Heaven afar,
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.

J. Kible



CLXXIV

CHRISTIAN COURAGE

O SHAME upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave ;
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
He had not borne for thee
Sad languors through the summer day,
Storms on the wintry sea.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;
The pure, calm hope be thine,
Which brightens, like the eastern morn,
As day's wild lights decline.

J. Keble



CLXXV

LITTLE SINS

LOOK westward, pensive little one,
How the bright hues together run,
Around where late the waning sun
Sank in his evening cloud.
Or eastward turn thee, and admire
How linger yet the showers of fire,
Deep in each fold, high on each spire
Of yonder mountain proud.

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A fluttering leaflet, floats between
Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in Heaven afar,
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An eyelid hide the sky.

J. Keble



CLXXVI

LOVE

THEY sin who tell us love can die,
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly, these passions are of earth,
 They perish where they have their birth ;
 But love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame forever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times oppress,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil, and care,
 But the harvest-time of Love is there.
 O, when a mother meets on high,
 The babe she lost in infancy.
 Hath she not then for pains, and fears,
 The days of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight.

R. Southey

CLXXVII

CALM

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Whilst these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes ; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm mid the threat'ning, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain,
 Moving unruffled through earth's war
 Th' eternal calm to gain !

H. Bonar

CLXXVIII

RETIREMENT

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree,
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays,
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life ;
 Sweet Source of light Divine ;
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour ! Thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

W. Cowper

CLXXIX

THE HEART'S SONG

IN the silent midnight watches,
List — thy bosom door !
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore !
Say not 't is thy pulses beating ;
'T is thy heart of sin :
'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
Rise and let Me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut :
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut ?
Jesus waiteth — waiteth — waiteth ;
But thy door is fast !
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth :
Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in :
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not !

A. C. Cox

CLXXX

REALITY

LOVE thy God, and love Him only,
 And thy breast shall ne'er be lonely ;
 In that one great Spirit meet
 All things mighty, grave, and sweet.
 Vainly strives the soul to mingle
 With a being of our kind :
 Vainly hearts with hearts are twined ;
 For the deepest still is single.
 An impalpable resistance
 Holds like natures at a distance.
 Mortal ! love that Holy One,
 Or forever dwell alone.

A. De Vere

CLXXXI

LONGING FOR CHRIST

MY spirit longs for Thee
 Within my troubled breast,
 Although I be unworthy
 Of so Divine a Guest.

Of so Divine a Guest
 Unworthy though I be,
 Yet has my heart no rest
 Unless it come from Thee.

Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessèd love.
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above !

J. Byron

CLXXXII

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest !
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, and none remove,
Where neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love !

C. Elliott

CLXXXIII

THE HAPPY SOUL

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings ;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here :
Content, and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his Life, appear.

He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day ;
And patient waits his Saviour's will,
To fetch his soul away.

I. Watts

CLXXXIV

RESIGNATION

IS resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Grief's most inglorious coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles,
Are radiant marks of man.

They cast a sudden glory round
The illumined human face ;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face.

Resign, and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On His Almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing, His command.

For joy what cause ? how every sense
Is courted from above !
The year around with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

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J. Keble

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One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in Heaven afar,
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
An eyelid hide the sky.

J. Kibbe

16



The Sunday Book of Poetry

And taught with often proof,
 A tempered calm I find
 To be most solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

No change of fortune's calms
 Can cast my comforts down ;
 When fortune smiles, I smile to think
 How quickly she will frown ,

And when, in froward mood,
 She moved an angry foe,
 Small gain I found to let her come,
 Less loss to let her go

R. Southwell

CLXXXVI

RETURN

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home ;
 Thy Father calls for thee :
 No longer now an exile roam,
 In guilt and misery,
 Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
 'T is Jesus calls for thee :
 The Spirit and the Bride say, **Come :**
 O now for refuge flee ;
 Return, return !

Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
 'T is madness to delay ;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day :
 Return, return !

Thos. Hastings

CLXXXVII

JUST AS I AM

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, (Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,)
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
 Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

C. Elliott

CLXXXVIII

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the even-tide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with me !

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word ;
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me !

I need Thy Presence every passing hour,
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. Lyte

CLXXXIX

REST

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,—
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
“ He giveth His beloved sleep ? ”

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,—
The senate's shout for patriot vows,—
The monarch's crown to light the brows ?
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith not all unproved,—
A little dust to overweep,—
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake ?
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

Sleep, soft beloved ! we sometimes say,
But have no power to chase away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;

But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber, when
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap !
 O strife, O curse that o'er it fall !
 God makes a silence through you all,
 And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men toil and reap !
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea ! men may wonder, while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man,
 Sufficient such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say,—and through the word
 The motion of their smile is heard,—
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 Seeing through tears the juggler leap,—
 Would fain its weary vision close,
 And childlike on His love repose,
 Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And Friends,—dear Friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me, —

When round my bier ye come to weep ;
Let one most loving of you all
Say, " Not a tear for her must fall,
' He giveth His beloved sleep. ' "

E. B. Browning

CXC

" *SOON—AND FOREVER* "

S OON and forever !
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes
And dust unto dust ;
Soon — and forever
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er ;
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more ;
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon — and forever.

Soon — and forever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the dark clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon — and forever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.

THE HAPPY SOUL

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings ;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, which holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here :
Content, and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his Life, appear.

He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day ;
And patient waits his Saviour's will,
To fetch his soul away.

I. Watts

CLXXXIV

RESIGNATION

IS resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Grief's most inglorious coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles,
Are radiant marks of man.

They cast a sudden glory round
The illumined human face ;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face.

Resign, and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On His Almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing, His command.

For joy what cause ? how every sense
Is courted from above !
The year around with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

CLXXXIII

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On His Almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing, His command.

For joy what cause ? how every sense
Is courted from above !
The year around with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well !
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well !

Anon.

CXCV

THE CONQUEST OF PRIDE

I LOOKED with pride on what I'd done,
 I counted merits o'er anew,
 In presence of the burning sun,
 Which drinks me like a drop of dew.
 A lofty scorn I dared to shed
 On human passions, hopes and jars,
 I — standing on the countless dead,
 And pitied by the countless stars.

But mine is now a humbled heart,
 My lonely pride is weak as tears ;
 No more I seek to stand apart,
 A mocker of the rolling years.
 Imprisoned in this wintry clime,
 I've found enough, O Lord, of breath,
 Enough to plume the feet of time ;
 Enough to hide the eyes of death.

A. Smith

CXCV

PRIDE OF REASON

IN pride, in reasoning pride our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel ;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal cause.

A. Pope

CXCVI

THE CALL

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day !
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room :
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear, and obey !

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high !
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

T. Hastings

CXCVII

PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT

THE stars shine bright while earth is dark !
 While all the woods are dumb,
 How clear those far-off silver chimes
 From tower and turret come.

Chilly but sweet, the midnight air :
 And lo ! with every sound,
 Down from the ivy-leaf a drop
 Falls glittering on the ground.

'T was night when Christ was born on earth ;
 Night heard his first, faint cry ;
 While angels carolled round the star
 Of the Epiphany.

**Alas ! and is our love too weak
 To meet him on his way ?
 To pray for nations in their sleep ?
 For Love then let us pray.**

Pray for the millions slumbering now ;
 The sick who cannot sleep ;
 O may those sweet sounds waft **them thoughts**
 As peaceful, and as deep.

Pray for th' unholy, and the vain :
 O, may that pure-toned bell
 Disperse the demon powers of air,
 And evil dreams dispel !

And ever let us wing our prayer
With praise : and ever say,
Glory to God who makes the night
Benignant as the day !

A. D. Vere

CXCVIII

THE UNBELIEVER

BEHOLD yon wretch, by impious passion driven,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heaven ;
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown ;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod ;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.

A. Pope

CXCIX

SEEDS OF LIGHT

GOD scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,

Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
Those promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

J. R. Lowell

CC

ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapor goes :
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee,
So in mine earthly house I am
To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ; the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide, —
A light upon the shining sea, —
The Bridegroom with his bride.

A. Tennyson



VII
NATURE

CCI

PSALM XIX

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is Divine."

Joseph Addison

CCII

NATURE

BEAUTIFUL are the heralds
That stand at Nature's door,
Crying, "O traveller, enter in,
And taste the Master's store!"
One or the other always crying,—
In the voice of the summer hours,
In the thunder of the winter storm,
Or the song of the fresh spring flowers.

"Enter," they cry, "to a kingly feast,
Where all may venture near;
A million beauties for the eye,
And music for the ear:
Only, before thou enterest in,
Upon the threshold fall,
And pay the tribute of thy praise
"To Him who gives thee all.'"

So some kneel down and enter
With reverent step and slow;
And calm airs fraught with precious scent
Breathe round them as they go:
Gently they pass 'mid sight and sound
And the sunshine round them sleeping,
To where the angels, Faith and Love,
The inner gates are keeping.

Then backward rolls the wondrous screen
That hides the secret place,

Where the God of Nature veils Himself
 In the brighter realms of grace :—
 But they who have not bent the knee
 Will smile at this my story :
 For, though they enter the temple gates,
 They know not the inner glory.

W. E. Littlewood

CCIII

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION

THOU art, O God ! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee,
 Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. Moore

CCIV

NATURE AND HEAVEN

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber, and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon, and sun, in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered.”

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

Bishop Heber

CCV

THE BETTER LAND

“**I** HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! O where is that radiant shore, —
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?”
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Is it far away in some region old
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold, —
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand, —
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?”
 “Not there, not there, my child !”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair, —
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child !”

Mrs. Hemans

CCVI

*A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A
STAR.*

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this was its first eve. She stood alone
By the lone window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half-parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness ; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half-smile,
As if a pleasant dream were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively,—
“Father ! dear father ! God has made a star !”

N. P. Willis

SONNET

FIRST OF THE SEASONS

WHEN Spring unfolds the flowers to paint the
 laughing soil.

When Summer's sunny showers refresh the mower's
 toil.

When Winter hushes in frosty chains the fallow and the
 field.

It hushes the earth's rejoicing still, and covers its Maker
 good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that live
 the night:

The winds that sweep the mountains, or hush the drowsy
 gale:

The sun that from his amber bowers rejoiceth on his
 way.

The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in silent
 glory say.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
 Shall man, whose worketh all his little praise deny?

Not let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
 to be.

Then, Maker, that we always love, and, Saviour,
 honor Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither,—the hope of
 Summer fade,—

The Autumn droop in Winter,—the birds forsake the
 shade,—

The wind be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their
old decree,
But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to
Thee.

Bishop Heber

CCVIII

THE LONGEST DAY

LET us quit the leafy arbor,
And the torrent murmuring by ;
For the sun is in his harbor,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light ;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career ;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Summer ebbs ; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence, assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ; fruits redden,
 Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
 And the heart is loth to deaden
 Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !
 And, when thy decline shall come,
 Let not flowers, or bough fruit-laden,
 Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, e'en now, ere wrapped in slumber,
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea
 That absorbs time, space, and number,—
 Look thou to eternity !

W. Wordsworth

CCIX

BUBBLES UNDER ICE

HAST thou seen with flash incessant
 Bubbles gliding under ice,
 Bodied forth, and evanescent,
 No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts,— a wind-swept meadow
 Mimicking a troubled sea,
 Such is life ; and death a shadow
 From the rock Eternity !

W. Wordsworth



CCX

A-MAYING

YES, surely there's a love abroad
Through every nerve of Nature playing;
And all between the sky and sod,
All, all the world has gone a-Maying.

O, wherefore do I sit and give
My fancy up to idle playing?
Too well I know the half who live,
One half the world, is not a-Maying.

Where are the dwellers of the lanes,
The alleys of the stifled city?
Where the waste forms whose sad remains
Woo death to come for very pity?

Where they who tend the busy loom,
With pallid cheek, and torn apparel?
The buds they weave will never bloom,
Their staring birds will never carol.

And where the young of every size
The factories draw from every by-way;
Whose violets are each other's eyes,
But dull as by a dusty highway?

Whose cotton lilies only grow
'Mid whirring wheels, or jarring spindles?
Their roses in the hectic glow
To tell how fast the small life dwindles.

Where are the dusky miners? — they
Who, ever in the earth descending,
Know well the night before their May
Is one which has in life no ending?

To them 't is still a joy, I ween,
To know, while through the darkness going,
That o'er their heads the smiling queen
Stands with her countless garlands glowing.

O ye who toil in living tombs
Of light, or dark, no rest receiving,
Far o'er your heads a May-time blooms, —
O then be patient, and believing.

Be patient ; when earth's winter fails, —
The weary night, which keeps ye staying, —
Then through the broad celestial vales
Your spirits shall go out a-Maying.

T. B. Read



CCXI

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER

SUMMER is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present :
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms ;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms :
But the memory of the vanished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all !

True, there 's scarce a flower that bloometh,—
All the best are dead ;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed ;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball :
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Summer trees are pretty,— very,
And I love them well ;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,

And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent ; —
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent ;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all !

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart ;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart ;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all !

D. F. Macarthy

CCXII

DUTY

AS the hardy oat is growing,
Howsoe'er the wind may blow ;
As the untired stream is flowing,
Whether shines the sun or no : —
Thus, though storm-winds rage about it,
Should the strong plant, Duty, grow, —
Thus, with beauty, or without it,
Should the stream of being flow.

D. F. Macarthy

CCXIII

LINES

THE lights o'er yonder snowy range,
Shine yet intense, and tender ;
Or, slowly passing, only change
From splendor on to splendor.

Before the dying eyes of day
Immortal visions wander ;
Dreams prescient of a purer ray,
And morn spread still beyond her.

Lo ! heavenward now those gleams expire,
In heavenly melancholy,
The barrier-mountain, peak, and spire,
Relinquishing them slowly.

Thus shine, O God ! our mortal powers,
While grief and joy refine them,—
And when in death they fade, be ours
Thus gently to resign them !

A. De Vere



CCXIV

SPRING

ONCE more, through God's high will and grace,
Of hours that each its task fulfils,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place
The valley through, and scales the hills.

Who knows not Spring? who doubts when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
I know, in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white;
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that surging flow
From craggy shelf, through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honeyed cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes;— with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The wood-path strews its milky way.

I see her not,— I feel her near,
As charioted in mildest airs
She sails through yon empyreal sphere,
And in her arms and bosom bears

That urn of flowers, and lustral dews,
Whose sacred balm, on all things shed,
Revives the weak, the old renews,
And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

A. De Vere

CCXV

THANKS FOR A SUMMER'S DAY

THE time so tranquil is, and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move, or stir.

The ample heaven of fabric sure,
In clearness doth surpass
The crystal and the silver, pure
As clearest polished glass.

Bedeckèd is the sapphire arch
With streaks of scarlet hue ;
And preciously from end to end,
Damaskèd white and blue.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

The ships becalmed upon the seas,
Hang up their sails to dry ;
The herds, beneath their leafy trees,
Amidst the flowers they lie.

The little busy humming bees,
That never think to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees,
Collect their liquor brown.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,
The winds can fast collect,
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

**Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The smoke goes upright in the air,
From every tower and town.**

**What pleasure then to walk, and see,
Along a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.**

**The bells and circles on the waves,
From leaping of the trout,
The salmon from their holes and caves
Come gliding in and out.**

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still, and calm,
The praise of God to pray, and sing,
With trumpet and with shawm.

All laborers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
“Thanks to the gracious God of Heaven,
Who sent this summer’s day.”

*A. Hume**

CCXVI

*THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT
SHRINE*

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord, that arch of Thine ;
My censer’s breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
When murm’ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Ev’n more than music, breathes of Thee.

I’ll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like Thy throne !
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which ’t is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,

* A Scotch poet of the middle of the sixteenth century.

Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity !

There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

T. Moore

CCXVII

HARVEST-HOME

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise a song of harvest-home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter snows begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise a song of harvest-home !

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;

Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest-home !
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Then thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide.
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise a glorious harvest-home !

H. Alford



CCXVIII

JOY TAUGHT BY NATURE

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest ;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed ;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed ;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill :
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow, brings,
It is His will !

I. Williams

CCXIX

WAVES AND LEAVES

WAVES, waves, waves !
Graceful arches lit with night's pale gold,
Boom like thunder through the mountains rolled,
Hiss, and make their music manifold,
Sing and work for God along the strand.

Leaves, leaves, leaves !
Beautified by Autumn's scorching breath,
Ivory skeletons carved fair by death,
Float and drift at a sublime command.

Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts !
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,
O that they might follow God's good Hand !

William Alexander



CCXX

THE RAINBOW

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
On mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathom down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

T. Campbell

CCXXI

THE WILD-FOWL'S VOICE

IT chanced upon the merry, merry Christmas eve,
I went sighing past the church across the moorland
dreary, —

O, never sin and want and woe this earth will
leave,
And the bells but mock the wailing sound, they sing
so cheery.

How long, O Lord! how long, before Thou come
again?
Still in cellar, and in garret, and on mountain dreary,
The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor
men toil in vain,
Till earth is sick of hope deferred, though Christmas
bells be cheery.

Then arose a joyous clamor, from the wild-fowl on
the mere,
Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells
ringing,
And a voice within cried, — “Listen! — Christmas
carols even here
Though thou be dumb, yet o’er their work the stars
and snows are singing.

“Blind! — I live, I love, I reign; and all the na-
tions through,
With the thunder of My judgments even now are ring-
ing;

Do thou fulfil thy work, but as yon wild-fowl do,
Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it
angels singing.”

C. Kingsley

CCXXII

ROBIN REDBREAST

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there upon the day,
That Christ was crowned in cruel scorn ;
And bore away one bleeding thorn,
That so, the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow was imprest :
And thence thy genial sympathy,
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee ;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross ;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind ;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

Bishop Doane



CCXXIII

THE SEA-BIRD

SEA-BIRD ! haunter of the wave,
 Delighting o'er its crest to hover ;
 Half engulfed where yawns the cave
 The billow forms in rolling over ;
 Sea-bird ! seeker of the storm !
 In its shriek thou dost rejoice ;
 Sending from thy bosom warm
 Answer shriller than its voice.

Bird of nervous wingèd flight,
 Flashing silvery to the sun,
 Sporting with the sea-foam white,
 When will thy wild course be done ?
 Whither tends it ? Has the shore
 No alluring haunt for thee ?
 Nook with tangled vines grown o'er,
 Scented shrub, or leafy tree ?

Is the purple sea-weed rarer
 Than the violet of the spring ?
 Is the snowy foam-wreath fairer
 Than the apple's blossoming ?
 Shady grove, and sunny slope,—
 Seek but these, and thou shalt meet
 Birds not born with storm to cope,
 Hermits of retirement sweet.

Where no winds too rudely swell,
 But in whispers, as they pass,

Of the fragrant flow'ret tell,
Hidden in the tender grass.
There the mock-bird sings of love ;
There the robin builds his nest ;
There the gentle-hearted dove,
Brooding, takes her blissful rest.

Sea-bird, stay thy rapid flight :
Gone ! where dark waves foam and dash,
Like a lone star on the night —
Far I see his white wing flash.
He obeyeth God's behest,
All their destiny fulfil :
Tempests some are born to breast,—
Some to worship, and be still.

If I struggle with the storm
On life's ever-changing sea,
Where cold mists enwrap the form,
My harsh destiny must be.
Sea-bird ! thus may I abide
Cheerful the allotment given,
And, rising o'er the ruffled tide,
Escape, at last, like thee, to heaven !

A. M. Wells



Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

T. Moore

CCXVII

HARVEST-HOME

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise a song of harvest-home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter snows begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise a song of harvest-home !

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;

Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;

First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come
And shall take His harvest-home !
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Then thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There forever purified,
In God's garner to abide.
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise a glorious harvest-home !

H. Alford



With sudden upward look they listen
For sounds of past content,—
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees.

The stir, without the glow of passion,
The triumph of the mart,—
The gold and silver's dreary clashing
With man's metallic heart,—
The wheelèd pomp, the pauper tread,
These only sounds are heard instead.

Yet still, as on my human hand
Their fearless heads they lean,
And almost seem to understand
What human musings mean,—
With such a plaintive gaze, their eyne
Are fastened upwardly to mine.

Their chant is soft as on the nest
Beneath the sunny sky,
For love that stirred it in their breast
Remains undyingly,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

And love, that keeps the music, fills
With pastoral memories ;
All echoings from out the hills,
All droppings from the skies,
All flowings from the wave, and wind,
Remembered in their chant I find.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves ! to move

Along the city ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'T was hard to sing by Babel's stream,
More hard in Babel's street !
But, if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet,
For sunless walls,— let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings within !

To me fair memories belong
Of scenes that erst did bless ;
For no regret — but present song —
And lasting thankfulness,—
And very soon to break away
Like types, in purer things than they !

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields ;
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent dewy fields !
My spirit and my God shall be
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea.

E. B. Browning



CCXXVI

TO A SKYLARK

ETHEREAL minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam ;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

William Wordsworth

CCXXVII

TO THE FIRST SWALLOW

'T IS not one blossom makes a spring,
Nor yet one swallow makes a summer ;
But a sweet promise both may bring,
And thine is sweet, thou glad new comer !

Thy twittering voice, thy pinions light,
That glance, and glide with fleetest motion,
Unwearied, though but yesternight
They buoyed thee o'er the wide-spread ocean, —

A welcome promise bring once more
Of sparkling waters, waving meadows,
And countless things that fleet before
My spirit's eye in glimmering shadows ;—

Till gazing on thee wheeling near,
And hailing thee with joyful bosom,
I know not whether is more dear,
The summer bird, or vernal blossom.

The blossom brought a promise sweet,
Sweet too is thine, thou glad new-comer !
And I will joy, though pinions fleet
Too aptly tell of joys in summer !

Too aptly ?— Nay, that word recall :
Deem rather it were cause for weeping,
If pleasant summer days were all,
And never came a day of reaping.

Or mark the swift-winged foreigner
 Again ; and check each thought of sadness :
 All here may fade ; it grieves not her :
 She knows another land of gladness.

T. Davis

CCXXVIII

THE LOSS OF THE FAVORITE

THE skylark has perceived his prison door
 Unclosed ; for liberty the captive tries :
 Puss eagerly hath watched him from the floor,
 And in her grasp he flutters, pants, and dies.

Lucy's own puss, and Lucy's own dear bird,
 Her fostered favorites both for many a day,
 That which the tender-hearted girl preferred,
 She, in her fondness, knew not sooth to say.

For if the skylark's pipe were shrill and strong,
 And its rich tones the thrilling ear might please,
 Yet pussy well could breathe a fireside song
 As winning, when she lay on Lucy's knees.

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek
 Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain ;
 How faintly then may words her sorrow speak,
 When by the one she sees the other slain.

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes ;
 Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy,
 From one whom nature taught to moralize
 Both in his mirth, and in his melancholy.

I will not warn thee not to set thine heart
Too fondly upon perishable things ;
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art
Upon that theme : in vain the poet sings.

It is our nature's strong necessity,
And this the soul's unerring instincts tell :
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

Better it is all losses to deplore
Which dutiful affection can sustain,
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

This love which thou hast lavished, and the woe
Which makes thy lip now quiver with distress,
Are but a vent, an innocent o'erflow,
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

And something I would teach thee from the grief
That thus has filled those gentle eyes with tears,
The which may be thy sober, sure relief,
When sorrow visits thee in after years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is sealed ;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known ;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not revealed.

But didst thou know in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assigned in yonder skies,
There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise ;

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its Heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage ?

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death ; which must be suffered once by all ?

O no, thou say'st : O, surely not, not so,
I read the answer which those looks express :
For pure and true affection, well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem ;
We bring with us th' immortal seed at birth :
Of Heaven it is, and heavenly ; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly, and of earth !

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love and not our own, being ready thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is asked, to make ;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

O Lucy, treasure up that pious thought !
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts ;
And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts.

R. Southey



CCXXIX

LESSON FROM NATURE

WHEN my breast labors with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life.
Raptures deep felt His doctrine did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again ?
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold ! and look away your low despair,—
See the light tenants of the barren air ;
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
Yet your kind Heavenly Father bends His eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To Him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race ;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
 Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
 What regal vestments can with them compare !
 What king so shining ! or what queen so fair !
 If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
 If o'er the fields such lurid robes He spreads,
 Will He not care for you, ye faithless ! say,
 Is He unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

J. Thomson

CCXXX

THE CHILD TAUGHT FROM NATURE

O RICH the tint of earthly gold,
 And keen the diamond's spark,
 But the young lamb of Jesu's fold
 Should other splendors mark.

To soothe him in th' unquiet night,
 I ask no taper's gleam,
 But bring him where th' aerial light
 Falls from the moon's soft beam.

His heart at early morn to store
 With fancies fresh and rare,
 Count not thy jewels o'er and o'er,
 Show him no mirror's glare.

But lift him where the eastern heaven
 Glows with the sun unseen,
 Where the strong wings to morning given
 Brood o'er a world serene.

Yet, might I choose a time, meseems
That earliest wistful gaze
Were best to meet the softening beams
Of sunset's glowing maze.

Wide be the western casement thrown
At sultry evening's fall,
The gorgeous lines be duly shown
That weave Heaven's wondrous pall.

Calm be his sleep, whose eyelids close
Upon so fair a sight :
Not gentler mother's music flows
Her sweetest, best good night.

J. Keble

CCXXXI

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE

ALMIGHTY Father! . . .
The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks, and groves, in hollow whispering gales ;
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.

In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown ! tempest o'er tempest rolled
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.

Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
River's unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 't is nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full !
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When e'en, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,
With rising wonders, sing. I cannot go
Where universal love not shines around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns,
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive silence ! muse His praise.

J. Thomson



CCXXXII

VAGUE HOPES OF NATURE

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a world to come.
Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven :
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To *be*, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

A. Pope



CCXXXIII

FLOWERS

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view !
In childhood's sports companions gay ;
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing ! in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside,— the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife !
In reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare !

But cheerful, and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught,
Too high above our human thought ;—
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths, and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,

And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet,—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide ;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes ;
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when He paused, and owned you good,
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep restless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you, and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !
“Live for to-day !” to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.

J. Keble

CCXXXIV

THE BEACON

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it,
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope ;
All hushed was the billow's commotion ;
And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as Hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,
That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

T. Moore

CCXXXV

STAFFA

MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and the Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found ;
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise !
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend ;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolonged and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
" Well hast thou done, frail child of clay !
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high, and hard, — but witness mine."

Sir Walter Scott

OCEAN.

THE STORM.

THE tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice, and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky, —

Miserere Domine.

Through the black night, and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main; —

Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,

Vain is it now to strive or dare;

A cry goes up of great despair. —

Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,

The moaning wind, and melting rain

Beat on the nursery window-pane : —

Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,

Soft pillow'd was the little head,

"The storm will wake the child," they said : —

Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,

He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,

"Father, save those at sea to-night!"

Miserere Domine.

The morning shone, all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play.—

Gloria tibi Domine !

A. A. Procter

CCXXXVII

*SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-
GLASS*

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engedi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confidant of Fate,
And resolute in heart.

These have passed over it, or may have passed !
Now, in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And, as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! these walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;
The half-hour's sand is run !

H. W. Longfellow

CCXXXVIII

A SUNDAY SCENE

A CHAPEL, like a wild bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest ;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills ;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone ;
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard :—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice !
They sing a service which they feel :
For 't is the sunrise now of zeal,—
Of a pure faith, the vernal prime,—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within ;
For, though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
— When soft !— the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen,—
And through yon gateway, where is found
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground,—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,

Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe !
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven ;
Or like a ship some gentle day,
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Beside the ridge of grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound :
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively, with downcast eyes.
— But now again the people raise,
With awful cheer a voice of praise ;
It is the last, the parting song ;
And from the temple forth they throng,
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.

But some — a variegated band
Of middle aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung,—
With mute obeisance gladly paid,
Turn toward the spot, where, full in view,
The white doe, to her service true,
Her Sabbath couch hath made.

“ Look, there she is, my child ! draw near ;
She fears not, wherefore should we fear ?
She means no harm ” ; but still the boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled, and blushed for joy.
A shamefaced blush of glowing red !
Again the mother whispered low,
“ Now you have seen the famous doe ;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this Sabbath-day ;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone ;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her Sabbath morning, foul or fair.”

W. Wordsworth



CCXXXIX

BROUGH BELLS

ONE day to Helbeck I had strolled
 Among the Crossfell hills,
 And resting in its rocky grove,
 Sat listening to the rills ;

The while, to their sweet undersong,
 The birds sang blithe around,
 And the soft west wind awoke the wood
 To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter, as it rose
 Or died away, was borne
 The harmony of merry bells

From Brough that pleasant morn.

“Why are the merry bells of Brough,
 My friend, so few?” said I,
 “They disappoint th’ expectant ear
 Which they should gratify.

“One, two, three, four ; one, two, three, four ;
 ’T is still one, two, three, four ;
 Mellow and silvery are the tones,
 But I wish the bells were more !”

“What, art thou critical ?” quoth he ;
 “Eschew that heart’s disease
 That seeketh for displeasure
 Where the intent hath been to please.

“ By those four bells there hangs a tale,
Which, being told, I guess,
Will make thee hear their scanty peal
With proper thankfulness.

“ Not by the Cliffords were they given,
Not by the Tufon's line ;
Thou hearest in that peal the crune
Of old John Brunskill's kine.

“ On Stanemore's side, one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodaile
Come winding up the lea.

“ Behind them, on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene,
Brough's silent tower, then newly built
By Blenkinsop, was seen.

“ Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will ;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was still.

“ The hills returned that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air ;
The only sound it was, which then
Awoke the echoes there.

“ ‘Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,
Neighbor,' quoth Brunskill then ;
'How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again ?

“ ‘Think’st thou, if yon whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?’

“ ‘That were a crune, indeed,’ replied
His comrade, ‘which, I ween,
Might at the Spital well be heard,
And in all dales between.

“ ‘Up Mallerstang to Eden’s springs
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice could bear ;
And Appleby would hear the sound
Methinks, when skies are fair.’

“ ‘Then shall the herd,’ John Brunskill cried,
‘From yon dumb steeple crune,
And thou, and I, on this hillside
Will listen to their tune.’

“ So, while the merry bells of Brough
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remembered be,
When he is dead and gone ;

“ As one who in his later years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the bells of Brough.

“ Thus it hath proved : three hundred years
Since these have passed away,

And Brunskill's is a living name
Remembered to this day."

"More pleasure," I returned, "shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill's sake.

"He knew how wholesome it would be
Among these wild wide fells,
And upland vales, to catch at time
The sound of Christian bells ;

"What feelings, and what impulses
That cadence might convey
To herdsman, or to shepherd boy,
Whiling in indolent employ
The solitary day ;

"That when his brethren were convened
To meet for social prayer,
He too, admonished by the call,
In spirit might be there.

"Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
Upon the winds of heaven,
Was sent to speak a nation's joy,
For some great blessing given,—

"For victory by sea or land,
And happy peace at length,—
Peace by his country's valor won,
And 'stablished by her strength.

“When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the mountain air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
An English impulse there.”

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve looked down
From Stanemore's side, on Borrodaile,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they may crune with thine.

R. Southey



CCXL

TO THE WIND IN AN ÆOLIAN HARP

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid !
With what soft woe they thrill the listener's heart !
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died in youth, these sweet complainings part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
Or he the sacred Bard who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint ;
And to such sadly soleinn tones are strung
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise ;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wand'ring spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus joined,
For till you cease my muse forgets to sing.

J. Thomson

CCXLI

GOD IN NATURE AND GRACE

GOD is love ; the heavens tell it
 Through their glorious orbs of light,
 In that glad and golden language
 Speaking to us day and night,
 Their great story,
 God is love, and God is light.

And the teeming earth rejoices
 In that message from above,
 With ten thousand thousand voices
 Telling back, from hill and grove,
 Her glad story,
 God is might, and God is love.

Through these anthems of creation,
 Struggling up with gentle strife,
 Christian songs of Christ's salvation
 To the world, with blessings rife,
 Tell their story,
 God is love, and God is life.

Up to Him let each affection
 Duly rise, and round Him move ;
 Our whole lives one resurrection
 To the life of life above ;
 Our glad story,
 God is life, and God is love.

Anon.

CCXLII

THE CREATION

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings ;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day ;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well !

C. F. Alexander





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